

VOL. V, NO. 31.} GREENSBORO, N. C., AUGUST 4, 1860. {WHOLE NO. 235.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

Forgive, Forget, I cannot Break the Spell.

Respectfully Inscribed to Miss Helen Chicord of Baltimore.

BY JAMES S. WATKINS.

Friendship once conceived, should, like love, in one sense, last forever. We may lose the friend—the friendship we never can or ought to lose. Actively, it may exist no more; but passive, it is just as binding as the first moment that we pledged it, as we believed, forever. Its duties, like its delights, may have become a dead letter; but none of its *claims* or *confidences* have we *ever* afterwards the smallest right to adjure or to break.

No floating cloud was in the pathway blue,
Bird notes and mystic symphonies were ringing
In fairy grove and dingle—where the dew
Still to the violet and the rose was clinging.
O'er fields and foliage, shady dell and stream,
Such brilliance spread afar, that every feeling
Soared as if fledged by a fantastic dream,
Which thrilled with joy the heart's warm tide revealing
Some brighter scenes of bliss, or sweeter tone,
In the dim shadow of the far unknown.

The morn we met (oh! cruel morn!) my heart
Was sending forth in peace its earnest gushing
Of joy—pure as the limpid streams that start
The air to music, round the fountain, rushing
O'er pearly channels onward; unimpressed
By aught that satisfied its earnest longing,
It sent soft glances to the eye, in quest
Of sympathy, and breathed affection, thronging
Within—thro' sighs, the heralds of that deep
Emotion, that, alas! refused to sleep.

We met as others seem to meet;—we parted—
Few were the words, that morn, by either spoken;
Yet through my soul a ray of sunshine darted,
Whose spell of sweetness only can be broken
By DEATH—by *death!* not even that can sever
My heart's true loyalty—nor cold neglect;
Unchanged by time, undying, it forever
Will grow in strength and ardor, all unheck'd
And in its native wildness flow to *thee*,
As mountain rills, in music, seek the sea.

But oh! how sad the thought, that, lone and lonely,
My life shall pass, from thee, till death release
The prisoned spirit, to embrace the only
Bright being that at last may give it peace.
'Tis as the chilling winter, which debars
The stream of music by its icy fetters;
Or, like the cloud which shuts the silver stars
From regal night, and glooms the glorious letters,
In splendor written on the evening sky—
The bright initials of our destiny.

And yet, I know my passion is more holy,
In that it lives—perchance, without return—
Now shrinks from coming years of melancholy
And deep regret,—while sacrifices burn,
Deep in the soul, on altars reared to love—
So pure, unselfish—if no mutual thrill
A kindly answer in thine own could move.—
Absence the bosom's fires could never chill;
I *would not, could not*, ever then forget—
My heart would still be faithful to thee yet.

Yes: In the gloom of a most cruel fate,
One star, with ever genial radiance shining,
Will shed upon a life, else desolate,
Its influence,—not like the sun, declining
In brilliance in the even of our life,
But ever rising higher and increasing,
Amid appeasing elements of strife;
In warmth and beauty, for awhile releasing,
From deep despair, the soul, by brighter gleams,
At the portcullis of diviner themes.

No cloud shall ever come before the face
Of this unveiled and only lingering star,
The only star that shines, and leaves no trace
Of shadow, in its glorious way, to mar
The impulse of my being: for though kept,
Thro' time, by heaven and earth, apart from thee,
And bid to crush the passion that has slept
So long, awake by thee,—or if thou art free,
Not even thy indifference could control
Or blight this magic pleasure of my soul.

This star is but a thought—the thought of thee,
Which moves within the orbit of my heart,
Whose rays shall to the inner life ere be
A *joy* forever; and will there impart
Such inspiration, as exalt the flowers
Bathed in the dew and warmed by morning beams,
It still shall shine upon my lonely hours
In sleep's profound, in twilight's gentle dreams;
And if it sets at death, 'twill set to rise
More brilliant and divine beyond the skies.

Now is the quenchless passion that consumes
My life, and crushes earthly hopes, revealed;
Now is the only passion which illumes
My soul,—which better, far had been conceal'd,
Perhaps, all sacredly from other eyes—
Made known to thee. If it is wrong,
If I have sinned, that I could not disguise,
My feelings from this too unworthy song;
If I have erred in *loving thee too well*,
Forgive, forget, I cannot break the spell.

MANNERS.

When President Buchanan, filling one of the highest offices in the world, was addressing the citizens who called on him, on Monday evening, he was saluted from the crowd with the cry of "Go it, old man!"

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

A NIGHT "AMONG the HILLS."

IN THREE PARTS.

BY * * * OF RALEIGH, N. C.

PART I.

It was at the close of one of those bright and lovely days, when Spring, the gay, fascinating and romantic Queen of the seasons, was arrayed in all the seductive pomp and luxuriance of her vernal charms; her fair brow encircled and adorned with a coronet of wild flowers and evergreens; and surrounded by dancing sunbeams, whispering zephyrs, murmuring brooks, green meadows, warbling birds and woodland lawns; that wearied by my day's ramble, I sat down upon a moss-covered rock beneath a bower of wild roses, yellow jessamine and honeysuckles, near the green banks of a sweetly gurgling rivulet, to witness and enjoy that most delightful scene, sunset from the mountains. I have heard of sunset at sea: but rather let me behold the mild glories of the departing day, amid my own native hills. I traced the lengthening shadows of the lofty mountains, as they faded away, grew dimmer and dimmer and darkened into night, the green valleys far beneath me; and then gazed upon the soft, yellow tints of the golden sun, as they lingered and played upon the distant hill-tops, until sinking gently and majestically below the horizon, "the king of day plunged his fiery steeds into the unfathomable bosom of the western deep." Nature united all her forces and blended all her beauties, in vain, to beguile the departure of this charming day. The sky, which since morning, had been dressed in its deepest blue, now wore its richest evening livery all spangled with silver and with gold; while groups of saffron-tinted clouds, softly floated above the horizon and blushed into crimson, as they timidly embraced and sadly, sweetly kissed, the sun's last lingering rays. The woodland choristers before seeking their fitful repose in the distant sedge or beneath the tiny coverlits of the gently rustling leaves, ascending, perched upon the loftiest boughs of the neighboring trees; and directing their peering gaze towards the setting sun, sung in sadder, sweeter strains. The rippling, pearly waters glided more smoothly and noiselessly down their pebbly, meandering streams. The ear could scarcely decide from what direction proceeded the low, monotonous humming of the wild bees, as conscious of the approach of night, they industriously culled their nectared sweets from the flowery glens. Mournfully and plaintively sounded the distant lowing of "the cattle upon a thousand hills, as reluctantly they turned from their green pastures and wended their slow, dusty way homeward—stopping ever and anon to eruct and chew their grateful cuds. Hundreds of beautiful flowers, which all day had been unfolding and basking in the smiles of the sun's enlivening rays, were now exhaling from their drooping petals, the delicate incense of their sweetest odors and impregnating the dewy evening air with the ravishing fragrance of their richest perfumes. Finally, and too late alas! in order to mingle her sad, suasive voice in this universal and unavailing overture to the departing day, came coy, pensive twilight, timidly stealing from her dusky, sylvan retreats, with her troup of lovers, conversing in low, subdued whispers; and hark! what touching sounds of sad, sweet music, falls mournfully upon the listless ear, as dreamily raising their liquid, lovelit eyes, they gaze upon vesper, the herald of twilight with her train of faintly twinkling stars, and sweep the strings of the trembling lyre and softly touch the "light guitar." Shy, plaintive wooings are all in vain, gentle twilight; for heedless of thy overtures and the overtures of all nature combined, the glorious sun has long since disappeared; and the earth, as if in mourning for his departure, is veiling itself in night's sable robes.—How grand, how magnificent, how sublime was this scene! Oh, when this "fitful dream of life shall have passed" and my "span of life shall be o'er," may my soul, like the unclouded glories of this delightful day, pass sweetly and calmly away. Under the combined influences of my fatigue, the sublimity of the sunset scene, the delightful fragrance of a thousand flowers and the soft, lulling music of the gurgling stream, I sank into a sweet and profound slumber, from which I have just awaken; and it is now midnight: for the city clock has just tolled the hour of twelve. How solemn are its measured and sonorous tones, as they ring out upon the dreamy stillness of night; verberating and reverberating over hills and valleys; are caught up by the distant forests; echoed and re-echoed again and again; until growing fainter and fainter, they softly die away and are lost amid the stillness of night again. Oh! time, time how sleepless are thy vigils. The world may slumber on; but ever wakeful, thou art ceaselessly bearing and hurrying us onward, onward, down thy stately current into the great ocean of eternity. My soul is filled with ineffable emotions of pleasure, as here alone, I survey and contemplate the sublime glories of the night-heavens. Fain would my heart, in the fulness of its admiration, devoutly exclaim; "Praise the Lord oh, my soul; and all that is within me, praise His Holy Name." Well and truly might the sweet singer of Israel, fired with holy inspiration, while beholding these sublime beauties, exclaim; "The heavens declare the glory of God and the firmament showeth his handiwork." The din and bustle of the busy world is now hushed and stillness reigns over the face of the earth. The world has sunk into its gigantic repose; it slumbers. The nightingale has sung her last, her sweetest song, hid her tiny head under her wing and sleeps. The owl has ceased its dismal hootings, clapped its heavy wings and sought its hollow. The dull and drowsy bark of the distant watch dog is no longer heard; for he has cosily coiled himself within his kennel and sleeps. The awful and hideous roarings of the mighty monarch of the forest, no longer spreads terror and dismay throughout the wilderness, as he roams his interminable wilds in quest of prey: for satiated, he has sought his lair, licked his huge chaps and profoundly slumbers. I have watched you flickering lamp, through a distant window, fade away, as if almost extinguished, then faintly glimmer again; until finally, it too has gone out. This was the lamp of the poor, pale and friendless student. His parents have slept beneath the green sward there many long, long months and years. With no brother's arm to assist nor sister's smiles to cheer, or gentle hand to caress him, he is left, cheerless and alone, an orphan in the world, to battle with its coldness, its scorn and its neglect. After the labors of the day are over, he repairs to his lonely chamber and there seeks from books those pure, unalloyed, intellectual pleasures and enjoyments, which are denied him by a selfish and uncharitable world. Up to this late hour, has he incessantly pored over his books, until his lamp going out, his dark, beautiful eyes, resplendent with the smouldering fires of genius, have closed in slumber; and smiles of pleasure are wreathing his eloquent lips, as he sweetly dreams of Heaven, his departed friends and the bright destiny that awaits him in the future. Gladly would I here digress, in order to whisper a kind word of encouragement in the ear of this poor, friendless student, as he is wending his slow but sure way, up the steep and rugged hill of science. Take courage young man. What though the cold and chilly winds of adversity may assail thee at every point and pale thy lofty brow. What though difficulties and trials may beset thee on every side and the rich, and the proud slight and scorn thee. What though no ray of hope, may have gleamed across thy darksome pathway, to cheer thy fainting heart, for these many long months and years.—Look up and be of good cheer. Cling to virtue and to thy noble, praiseworthy resolves. Serve thy God. Sedulously pore over thy books.—Store thy mind with a varied and profound stock of useful knowledge; and the victory will ultimately be thine. Then, engraven in living characters upon the topmost tablets of fame's proud temple, shall thy name appear. Then will all men seek to do thee honor.—Then, like the graceful undulations of the mighty forest before the terrific track of the storm-cloud, will popular assemblies and listening senates, be swayed to and fro, by the masterly power of thy magic eloquence. Then standing upon the broad and lofty platform of thy commanding eminence; thy classic vision taking in and bounded only by the distant horizon of fame's fair and extensive domains, you can look back, calmly and complacently survey the intermediate fields over which you have traveled and reap the rich fruition of thy hard-earned and meritorious honors. Then, perhaps, among the many pleasing reminiscenses of thy life, the recollection of the glories of this moonlight night, will loom up before thy mind, when in thy threadbare habiliments, thou wert humbly pursuing thy studies beside the midnight lamp, despised, uncared for and forlorn—but to return.

TO BE CONTINUED.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

The Mechanic may be a Gentleman.

BY KATE J. BOYD.

What a turning up of noses, among the patricians, when I begin to uncork my bottle of "Hartshorn." "Don't all" sneeze "at once." "Mechanics," what are they? Do you wonder at the interrogatory? I am sure I don't, considering by whom such *a* question would be put. Hear!!! according to "Snobdom."—*Tools for our use*—but your humble (more than equal) servant saith not so. And I intend to maintain my position—in order to do so, let me be a little inquisitive. Does the *occupation* degrade the *man*, or "vice versa."

I'll sustain the latter assertion. Well, then, how is this evil to be eradicated, by *Education*? The mechanic has a social position to fill—and if he will perfect himself for *that*, to the *same* degree, that he did to make himself master of his *art*, then will the mechanic be elevated as a man.

Some will say I've no time to attend to anything but the "outer life." "Eat drink and be merry." Well, then, if you neglect the inner life, you must *reap* what you've sown, and don't blame "society" for an evil which lies within your own power to amend.

"Miss Murlock"—in her "*work*" of "John Halifax, a gentleman"—portrays the idea, in the character of said John that "every man is the *architect* of his own fortune." When the "Quaker" asked the name of the "Beggar boy," his reply was, "John Halifax, a *gentleman*."

You see the idea of "gentleman" there conveyed, was not such as we find in the present age, made up of "*Broadcloth*," but innate from the soul, which has its centre in brain. Be a gentleman above your shoulders. Certainly there is no mechanic who may not strive to *be a gentleman*—may, more—take pleasure and pride in being such.

Don't hide your light under a bushel, take courage, and show "snobdom" that you *will* reach the brow of the mountain, while they remain at the foot of the hill, worshipping afar off, although they haven't the *moral* courage to say so. Ah! well, "mushrooms" ain't good for much, unless "*done brown*."

Poor slack baked pilehards will you furnish the powder and shot for my "target?" Where have our great men sprung from? from the *positions* which you now occupy—what glorious examples are set before you—indeed a stimulus for you to go and do likewise. Hoping some able pen will polish the subject that I've barely brushed—I'll withdraw from the field to give others a chance to face the music.

MAMMON VERSUS HYMEN.

The Greenfield (Mass.) Gazette has the following: "A curious circumstance occurred on Wednesday. A young man in this village procured a clergyman to marry him, and after the guests had all assembled, and the knot was about to be tied, the would-be bridegroom was called out of the house, and soon, informing the clergyman and guests that he would be back in a moment, mysteriously disappeared, and after waiting an hour the clergyman left for the Sunday School celebration, leaving the intended bride and her friends in doubt as to the mysterious disappearance of the bridegroom. It subsequently appeared that a person to whom the bridegroom had loaned twenty-six dollars was about departing in the cars for New York, and that a friend had informed him of the fact just as the clergyman was about tying the knot, and thinking that his intended wife was safer than his money, left for the depot to collect his borrowed money before the train should depart. He got there just as the train was starting, got on board the cars to find his debtor friend and was carried off to Northampton. He, however, collected his money, went to the telegraph office to inform his intended bride where he was, but could not find the operator, and started for Greenfield afoot on the track. At Whately the train overtook him; he got into the cars and reached Greenfield at half past 3 o'clock to the great relief of his intended and her friends. He immediately took the lady to the clergyman's residence and had the ceremony completed."

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

Worth Makes the Man.

BY FINLEY JOHNSON.

So said the poet Pope, and while all acknowledge the truth of the sentiment, yet in this degenerate age, the question is often asked, 'what is it that constitutes worth?' The *moralist* will inform us, it is *virtue*, but the man of the world gives it as his belief that it is *money*.—Alas! it is too true that this latter definition too often prevails in this age of progress, and when the question is propounded 'how much is he worth?' it has generally an exclusive reference to the dross of earth. If a man is rich, though he were the greatest villian unhung, you are told he is worth so many dollars, but if fortune should frown upon him, and he possess all the virtue and intelligence of an angel you are informed in a sneering tone, "*he is not worth a cent.*"

Be it understood, gentle reader, we do not cavil against the possession of money, it is a good, yea, a necessary thing, but when it is made the *Summum Bonum*, it becomes degrading to human nature. Truly has the inspired writer said, "the love of money is the root of all evil." It destroys the spirit of patriotism, crushes out social benevolence, and causes friendship to be but indeed a name. It creates in man a fever for possession, and under its baneful influence, he would sell his country, like Judas sold his Saviour, for pieces of silver.

The mind that looks upon riches as "the one thing needful," destroys every principle of honor that is great and noble. Let us then beware how we are charmed by its syren voice for when we make money the standard of worth, and not merit, how can we expect that the youth of our country will pant for social virtues and intellectual improvements? And let us remember this truth—that the spirit of liberty cannot long remain among a people who teach the pernicious doctrine that *wealth* and *worth* are the same thing, and that the end of such a people shall be eternal death.

THE VAIN STEAM-ENGINE

We have all seen a steam-engine. Suppose it could reason and speak as *you* can: do you not see what nonesense it would be for it to say, "I am a steam-engine. I have a great boiler, and joints and wheels and springs, that enable me to do a great deal of work. I am of great value. I will not be told *what* to do. I will do what I like?"

Would you not say, "Why, you were once nothing but a shapeless lump of iron, hid deep down in the earth. Who made you what you are, and contrived your wheels and joints and springs, and gave you your powerful boiler?

"Besides, wonderfully contrived as you are, you are nothing without steam, and steam is not your *own*."

Just so it is with us: our bodies which, as David says, are "fearfully and wonderfully made," are essentially the handwork of God. And the body itself is but like an engine without steam: it is the soul which makes it of any use or value. And the soul *likewise* is the gift of God. Being, then, so entirely his workmanship is it not "a reasonable service" to "glorify him in our body and our spirit, which are his?"

GOOD AND BAD SIGNS.

It is a good sign to see a man doing an act of charity to his fellows; but it is a bad sign to hear him boasting of it. It is a good sign to see the color of health in a man's face, it is a bad sign to see it all concentrated in his nose. It is a good sign to see an honest man wearing old clothes; it is a bad sign to see them filling holes in his windows. It is a good sign to see a woman dressed with taste and neatness; it is a bad sign to see her husband sued for her feathers and foolery, gems and jewelry. It is a good sign to see a man reading The Times; but it is a bad sign to see him borrowing his neighbor's copy.

"Be sure you are right, then go ahead;" but go it when you do start.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

THE CITY OF RICHMOND, THE CAPITAL AND METROPOLIS OF VIRGINIA.

The returns of the census indicate that the inhabitants within the corporate bounds of the city of Richmond number nearly 10,000, and that its suburbs contain from 10,000 to 12,000 inhabitants, making the whole population, city and suburban, more than 50,000 souls.

Since 1850 the increase within the city has exceeded forty per cent., whilst in the decades commencing in 1840 and 1830, the increase was only thirty per cent Richmond, therefore, notwithstanding the three years of revulsion and prostration which have intervened in the last decade, has increased faster in population than ever before; and being now an urban community of more than fifty thousand inhabitants, Richmond is the metropolis as well as the capital of the Old Dominion, and may be made, as we believe, the largest city between Baltimore and New Orleans.

Already she is the commercial centre of Virginia, and the nucleus of her manufactures; and as Virginia is a vast Commonwealth, abounding, like Pennsylvania, with coal and iron, and blessed, too, like Pennsylvania, with rivers and ridges and hills and valleys, giving diversity to her landscapes and variety to her soils, Virginia will divide with Pennsylvania the great markets of the country for coal and iron, not in jealousy and competition, but in harmony and co-operation; for, along the seaboard and down the Ohio, Virginia and Pennsylvania will both find a market for their mineral staples, in the augmenting marts of commerce and manufactures.

And then, Richmond, like Philadelphia, becoming the centre of State trade, intermixed with inter-State trade and foreign trade, will attract capital and numbers, and become the scene of new improvements and large investments.

Enjoying tide water communication with the ocean, and rail communication with deep-water ports upon numerous rivers flowing into the Chesapeake, she might import in bulk and distribute in packages; situated upon the route of a practicable water line across Virginia territory to the Ohio river, and at the terminus of an iron line that pierces the Blue Ridge, and is winding its length westward to interlock with the net-work that covers the Ohio Valley, and with diverging lines stretching South and East, and constituting links in the great cords which bind cities and States in the ties of commerce and intercourse, Richmond rises up in the contemplation of the future, the mistress of Virginia trade, and the chief entrepot upon the tributaries which flow into Chesapeake Bay.

Cheap fuel, pure water, a prolific surrounding country, accessibility to the ocean, and easy transportation, have made Philadelphia a city of almost 700,000 souls; and as all these facilities in proximate degrees are possessed by Richmond, she too, may number hundreds of thousands of inhabitants.

In 1790 no city in the United States equaled the population of Richmond and its suburbs in 1860. In 1800, only New York and Philadelphia exceeded Richmond in 1860; for, in 1800, the population of Boston was only 24,937, and of Baltimore, 26,114. In 1810, Philadelphia and New York were the only cities that exceeded Richmond in 1860; Boston, in 1810, containing 33,250 souls, and Baltimore 35,583. In 1820, but four cities exceeded the population of Richmond in 1860, to wit: New York, Philadelphia, Boston and Baltimore—the last two cities then containing, Boston 53,293, and Baltimore 62,738 inhabitants. In 1830, only four cities exceeded the population of Richmond in 1860, to wit: New York, Philadelphia, Boston and Baltimore—New Orleans then containing but 46,310 inhabitants. In 1840, but five cities exceeded the population of Richmond in 1860, to wit: New York, Philadelphia, Boston, Baltimore and New Orleans—Cincinnati then having but 46,338 inhabitants. In 1850, but eight cities exceeded the population of Richmond in 1860, to wit: New York, Philadelphia, Boston, Baltimore, New Orleans, Cincinnati, St. Louis and Brooklyn. In 1860, add to the eight afore-named cities, San Francisco, Pittsburg, Chicago, Cleveland, Louisville, Charleston, Buffalo, Albany, Washington and Providence.

These statistics indicate the growth of American cities, in some cases on localities and with surroundings and facilities not to be named along with Richmond in natural advantages; and when Virginia becomes more commercial, then will Richmond augment more rapidly in population and resources, and take her rank among the large cities in the large States. Any great State that has not also its great city, is doomed to be overshadowed by the influence of concentrated capital, by a powerful press, and by superior facilities for receiving and conveying intelligence, and for transporting persons and goods!—*U. S. Railroad Register.*

A YOUNG MAN DISTANCES HIS RACE FOR A DOLLAR AND KILLS HIS

On Thursday night, at the residence of Col. John Pope, near Memphis, Tenn., a melancholy accident occurred, which resulted in the death of one of his sons, Leroy, aged about 17 years. Apprehending a visit from negro burglars, Leroy and his elder brother, Andrew, repaired, late at night to the garden with guns. They separated shortly afterwards, Leroy going toward his room. The dogs, in a few moments, commenced making a noise and doubtless supposing that they were pursuing a burglar Andrew fired in the direction of the noise. Leroy, it seems, had that instant stepped out of his room, and being in range of the gun, received its contents, from the effects of which he expired a short time afterward

A BOY PREACHER.

Mark Bostner Chapman aged fourteen, is a sensation "boy preacher," who is struggling up in Louisiana. A correspondent of the New Orleans Crescent, writing from Clinton, the place of his residence, says of the phenomenon:

About two years ago he was received in the Church. Very soon after this he commenced instructing his father's servants on the afternoon of every Sabbath. His custom was to read a chapter and comment upon it, having first closely studied the chapter, consulting Benson, Clark and Wesley on every passage. He at length began, says a writer to the Memphis Advocate, to speak in the love-feast and class-meeting, then to pray in the public congregation. His appearance is that of the merest boy, and he seems wholly unconscious of any superior gifts or attainments. He now preaches regularly every Sabbath at his father's place near town. His parents have refused to allow him to enter the pulpit and supply the place of the regular minister on the Sabbath, although he is often solicited to do so. He does nothing without permission from his parents. He attends school and joins in all the amusements of the boys of his own age: he is a mere child everywhere save when preaching. On last Sabbath I sat under his ministry, and have seldom been more edified and delighted with a sermon. His style is chaste, his words fitly and happily chosen. The nicest critic would not detect a grammatical error. His manner is earnest, and his pathetic appeals reach all hearts. Occasionally his feelings overwhelm him, and he gives way to floods of tears.

The most gifted lawyers, and doctors and divines, have heard him with astonishment and delight. I confess that it is most wonderful, and to me incomprehensible. When I heard him he preached from the text, "How long halt ye between two opinions?" He preached from notes, sometimes seeming to forget that his notes were before him. His subject was arranged with perfect system, and most logically treated. When through with his sermon, he closed the Book and gave a brief and touching exhortation, under which I could, with others but weep. His public addresses published have attracted much attention, and should he live, he must, in his onward course, leave a broad wake on the tide of morals. Such is the character of the "Boy Preacher," whose wonderful precocity is without a parallel.

A CITY IN MOURNING.

The Washington Star noticing the funeral of Joseph Gales, in that city, says:

The City Hall was draped in mourning as were also the office of the National Intelligencer and the club rooms of the Bell and Everett Association of the city, and suspended above the hall door of the latter was a large photograph likeness of the lamented deceased, enshrouded in black crape. The public schools were closed, and during the two hours after 3 P. M., and until the funeral cortege passed down Seventh street and along Pennsylvania avenue on its way to the Congressional Cemetery the suspension of business ashire was general amongst the storekeepers and others.

The acting Mayor, members of the City Councils, officers of the Corporation at the City Hall, members of the Bar, Columbia Typographical Society, Bookbinders' association of the city: the City Councils and large numbers of others from Alexandria, and numerous citizens of Georgetown, assembled at the City Hall and marched in a body to the late residence of the deceased, where were gathered together a numerous concourse of people, of all conditions, among whom few if any there present had not at some time or other been benefitted by some deed of charity, act of kindness, wise counsel, word of encouragement, or social hospitality, at the hands of the good old man whose death they had assembled to mourn.

Conspicuous in the procession was the President of the United States, and members of his Cabinet, a number of Army and Navy officers, and numerous distinguished personages in public life, the various municipal bodies and mechanical associations, forming altogether a most imposing appearance.

EXPORTS AND INDUSTRY IN NORTH CAROLINA.

As an instance of historic injustice to North Carolina, which is usual among a class of writers who for the present, have possession of the public, we quote the closing paragraph of Rev W. H. Milburn's striking account of the battle of King's Mountain. It is taken from "Pioneer Preachers and People of the Mississippi Valley, p 301. He says

"To these hardy sons of the wilderness the mountain men of eastern Tennessee and western Virginia, in all probability is due the glory and praise of having decided the question of the acquirement of our national independence."

In thus awarding the glory of one of the most brilliant achievements that adorns the page of history, performed on North Carolina soil, Mr. Milburn exhausts his panegyric upon Virginia and Tennessee; but quite forgets to do simple justice to the brave North Carolinians who bore an equal share in the conflict. True, the accomplished lecturer is not likely to be quoted as a historic witness; but his pages will be read by thousands who never investigate the facts of history; and he thus contributes to extend the injustice to which it has been the fate of North Carolina to submit from the beginning.—*N. C. Advocate.*

RESIGNATION.

Rev B. Arbogast, principal of Wesleyan Female Institute, at Staunton, Va., has been elected to the presidency of Cassville Female College, located at Cassville, Ga., and has accepted the appointment. Rev J. A McCauley, the former principal of the institute, has been elected to fill his place.

THE BEST INDIAN FIGHT ON RECORD.

In Texas the citizens of Palo Pinto county, have given a dinner and fired 100 guns in honor of Capt. Baylor and nine of his rangers, and the people of Weatherford county have given a ball in their honor, all of which is in honor of the battle detailed below in a letter to the New Orleans Delta:

On the 12th of June, a party of Indians attacked Jos. and Frank Browning, and killed the former. Capt. John R. Baylor, of Parker county, learning the particulars of it from Frank Browning, soon satisfied himself that it was a party on their way up the country, who had been below stealing. He started with five men, followed them three days, came up with several parties of them—a Wichita party, a Camanche party, and a party of Reserve Indians and Wacoes—had three fights with them during one day, killed ten out of fourteen, and recovered thirty horses which the redskins had stolen. Mr. J. T. Musgrove, who has lived on both the Reserves, recognized two of the horses, and testifies that they belong to the Reserve Indians. The commanding officer at Camp Cooper being notified of the presence of a fourth party of Indians, that the Captain was unable to attack, being out of ammunition, sent out a body of troops after them. The scalp of young Browning, a woman's scalp, and a copy of the Belton Independent of May 23, addressed to J. T. Ward, settler at Camp Radzminski, near the present agency, were found on the dead Indians, which leaves no doubt of their being Reserve Indians.

Captain Baylor, in his report of the affair, says: "I have no motive in wishing to lay upon the Reserve Indians any blame they do not deserve; but when I catch them with horses in their possession, and kill them and scalp them, it is useless for the Indian Agent or the Governor to say that it is white men and Kiowas, or anybody else. I am too well acquainted with the Indians to be mistaken."

The whole frontier is in a blaze of excitement about this gallant fight. Just think of six men riding three days and attacking fourteen Indians, and killing ten and wounding three, and bringing in nine scalps to convince the incredulous. All the old Rangers here agree that it was one of the best fights on record.

FORESTS OF NEW JERSEY ON FIRE.

For about ten days serious fires have been burning in the pine forests of New Jersey, and many square miles have been burned over. In some instances dwellings have shared the fate of the woods, and their occupants have been compelled to fly for their lives. There are no less than four of these fires burning, the most serious one of which appears to be ten or fifteen miles south-west from the Weymouth station, on the line of the Camden and Atlantic Railroad. Between this point, and some distance below Egg Harbor City, the flames have extended, and south of the last named place there seems to be a semi-circle of burning woods. East of Egg Harbor City the fire has come up to the line of the railroad, and the ruins of trees are smouldering for some distance along the track. The travel on the road has not been interfered with by the fires, and it is probable that it will be impeded. The fires have originated from coalings and from sparks from the locomotives. There is no possibility of the flames being extinguished until sufficient rain falls to accomplish it.

At Atlantic City the fire assumes a formidable appearance. The cloud of smoke, reaching a line many miles in extent, arises to such a height as to spread over the western heavens and beyond the zenith, and it gives the sun, during the last half of the day, a murky appearance. The extent of the fires may be judged from the fact that the smoke so plainly visible at Atlantic, arises some 20 miles distant from there. The cinders from burning brush have been carried by the wind clear to the sea and the banks of the inlet at Atlantic are lined with blackened rubbish from the fires. The dry weather has rendered the wood very combustible.

A HIGHWAYMAN OF THE OLD SCHOOL.

Wells, Fargo & Co.'s express was lately robbed in the most polite way of $15,000, near Chico, Butte county, California. The San Francisco Herald gives the following account of the proceeding:

The outrage was committed at about nine o'clock in the evening. The night was dark, and as the stage was emerging from a wood and about to descend into a creek, the bed of which was dry, some person ahead of the coach called on the driver, in a loud voice, to stop.—The driver supposed that a team or some other obstruction was in the way, and suddenly reined in his horses. On looking round, somewhat to his astonishment, he discovered two men with double-barrelled guns leveled at the passengers on the box seat, and another with a similar weapon covering the four or five persons inside.

The captain of the gang, with a cocked revolver in his hand, stepped up to the driver and informed him in a cool and clear voice that he must have the money in the treasure box, and then turning to Mr. Bowen, the express messenger, said, "Charley, it will be of little use to resist. Nobody shall be harmed, if you don't make any fuss. And, in the meantime," pursued the highwayman, "gentlemen will be kind enough to hold up their hands." It is not necessary for us to say that the passengers obeyed, and the driver dropped the reins, and each man's fingers pointed instantly to heaven. "Now, then, Charley," said the robber, "I must have your pistol to prevent accidents," and he proceeded to disarm the expressman, notwithstanding the outraged man's remonstrances. As the robber took the pistol, with a naive affection of surprise and an ominous shake of the head, he said, "Why, Charley, the pistol is actually cocked. Don't be foolish, Charley." Thereupon Charley immediately subsided with the remark that it was very hard that he should be treated in such a manner. "Not at all, Charley," answered the robber, "I am not robbing *you*—*you* cannot help yourself, but your company advertise that they have a capital stock of $500,000, and $15,000 to divide among the boys would not be missed, Charley, you know." By way of mollifying Charley's feelings the highwayman politely assured him, upon his honor, "as a gentleman," that he was not a murderer, and did not desire to take a dollar from any person then present.

At this time Mr. McDuffie suggested that there existed no absolute necessity for the strange gentleman's friends on the road to persist in holding their guns in so very direct a line with his head, as he had known men under such circumstances to suffer from nervous excitement, and although he could not doubt their peaceful assurances or the honesty of their intention, if the triggers chanced to be very finely set an explosion might take place unconsciously. Thereupon the robber bowed politely, and expressed his desire to make the interview as pleasant a one as possible and directed his men to elevate their fowling pieces, but still to keep the enemy "well covered."—After this he unhitched the horses, fastened them securely to a fence near by, declining, in affectionate language, the assistance of the driver, and drew from the stage the box of treasure.

He was about to split open the box with an axe, when he remarked to "Charley," that it would be a pity to spoil the furniture, and asked for the key. On erving some hesitation and grumbling on the part of the messenger, he brought forward a bundle of cord and expressed the opinion that it would be necessary for him to tie "Charley," as he was talking a great deal too much. "What would you give to know me, (his face was masked,) Charley?" he asked. "Two-and-a half," was the sullen reply. "Ah, your liberality will be the death of you," replied the highwayman, who then very coolly opened the treasure box, filled the pockets of his comrades with its contents, placed "Charley's" pistol in the bel of the coach, fastened the horses again to the stage, expressed the delight he experienced in meeting with gentlemen who were so unexceptionable in their deportment, and bade a graceful adieu. The robbers then left for the woods.—During the whole proceeding not an oath was heard, and the captain of the gang did his utmost, says our informant, to soothe the affright of the passengers.

THE ZOUAVES AT WEST POINT.

The Chicago Zouaves visited West Point on Thursday, escorted by Company B, of the Seventh Regiment. Their drill was witnessed by Hon. Jeff. Davis, Ex-Secretary of war, and Col. Hardee, U. S. A. A letter to the N. Y. Herald says:

It is needless to say that they excited the unbounded admiration of all the officers present. Colonel Hardee remarked that he thought their *modus operandi* was of the first order, but expressed a doubt whether the Zouaves acting with larger numbers would be so perfect or effective. He said, also, there were several radical deviations from tactics which, though not so apparent in a small body, would make an essential difference in the movement of a large body of men. Senator Davis also spoke of the rapidity and unanimity of their movements as being especially commendable, and thought their two rank formation something remarkable. Their changing from front to flank and from flank to front was remarkably, in his estimation, well done.

The following paragraph will cause a general thrill of envy among the volunteers, especially the latter part of it:

On Tuesday evening, the Zouaves gave an "exhibition drill" at the Boston Theatre, which was packed with the *elite* from pit to dome.—So great was the rush for tickets, that speculators asked and received as high as *fifteen dollars* each for them before sundown; and so great was the desire to witness another exhibition, that the Zouaves felt compelled to give another entertainment on Wednesday, in the same Theatre. After the exhibition on Tuesday evening, the ladies requested the pleasure of shaking hands with the corps, which was complied with as far as possible, in conformity with the domestic regulations of the Zouaves, and there was a tremendous rush by the fair ones to grasp the nimble digitals which had so recently been used in handling warlike weapons.

THE THREE PRINCES.

There are now two scions of royalty upon our continent, and a third is expected soon.—In addition to the Prince of Wales, who has lately arrived in Canada, the Prince de Joinville, third son of the late Louis Philippe, is at present in Lower Canada, where he is cordially received by the inhabitants of a domain which once belonged to France. The reigning French dynasty will also be represented by the illustrious Bonaparte, who married the young Princess of Sardinia, and whose gymnastics in the Crimean war were unequalled by the most active of the Zouaves. It is said to require great military genius to conduct a retreat, and, if all accounts be true, no general in the Crimea ever was able to come up to the great Plon plon in a performance of this kind. But he strongly resembles in features the first Napoleon, and is moreover immensely rich, which gives him a certain kind of position.—It is said that the French Canadians are rather more loyal at heart to France than England, and the French press of this country makes no secret of its desire to see the restoration of French dominion along the banks of the St. Lawrence.

DEATH OF A MINISTER.

Rev. Wm. D. Jones, D. D., died at his residence at Holston Springs, Scott county, Va., on Sunday night 22 July. He was a native of Pittsylvania county, Va., but removed to Kentucky in early life. He was at one time President of Centre College, Danville, Ky., and for 14 years pastor of the Presbyterian Church at Hopkinsville, in that State. For several years he was President of the Rogersville Female College, and at the time of his death, Principal of the High School at Holston Springs.

INSURRECTION IN THE CHEROKEE NATION.

A late Texas paper contains the subjoined:

The troubles that have been brewing for some months among the Cherokees, between the slaveholders and non-slaveholders, and which were incited by abolition missionaries, have come to that pass that the nation is in arms; and one Evan Jones, an abolitionist leader, and his son, have enlisted two thousand of the Cherokees for an attack on their brethren. A requisition, it is stated, will be made on the State of Arkansas, for aid to assist in quelling this insurrection.

THE LAST MAN.

The oldest living graduate of Yale College, Mr. Joshua Dewey, of Watertown, New York, is in New Haven, attending the commencement exercises. He entered his ninety-fourth year in April last, and enjoys his bodily and mental faculties to a remarkable degree. Mr. Dewey will doubtless find New Haven somewhat changed since he left college, seventy-three years ago.

SAVING LIFE AT SEA.

The cost of saving life at sea is being commented on by the New York press. Vessels picking up shipwrecked sailors have often to put back, and thus lose a voyage. The Courier says:

One firm at Boston have had to pay at least thirty thousand dollars in five years, in consequence of their vessels rescuing shipwrecked sailors. The return of one vessel, the Trinity, in consequence of having rescued the crew of the White Cloud, Capt. Ray, from this city for Cadiz, will cost them ten thousand dollars.—Indeed it is often hinted that signals of distress at sea are unheeded for this very reason, and that some captains are particularly careful that vessels are not spoken, for fear their services may be required and their earnings swallowed up by their humanity.

The Courier's idea is, that the Federal Government should incur such cost.

ADVENT OF A FOREIGN LIGHT.

Rev. Jas. Martineau, brother of Mrs. Harriet Martineau, and the most eminent Unitarian theologian in the world, will, says the London Inquirer, sail for Boston in August. The Reverend Professor will visit Canada and travel through the Northern States, preaching in New York, Boston, and other places, and will return at the commencement of the Manchester College session, October 16th.

MARRIAGE.

Miss Stevens, heiress to the princely estates of Hoboken Land and Improvement Company, was married in New York, Wednesday, to Hon. Mr. Garrett, M. C. from Virginia. Rt. Rev. the Bishop of New Jersey, Dr. Odenheimer, assisted by Rev. V. Bruce of St. Paul's, Hoboken, officiated.

SHOCKING ACCIDENT.

John C. Mitchell, a well known citizen of Richmond county, Va., was killed on the 23d ult., by his horse running away with him. He was riding leisurely along the road, within a short distance of his home, conversing with his brother, when the horse suddenly took fright and started off at full speed, throwing Mr. M., whose foot was entangled in the vehicle, to the ground and dragged him for several hundred yards, until stopped by a tree. His body was shockingly disfigured, the skull being broken in several places, the mouth being torn completely open to the left ear and one of the eyes torn entirely from its socket. Notwithstanding his frightful wounds, he lingered for forty-eight hours after the accident

MELTING CHURCH BELLS INTO CANNON.

A Palermo letter of the 24th June says:

"The plan ordered by Garibaldi, of melting down the church bells to make cannon, continues in active operation. Every one of the churches is to supply at least one bell, and those edifices in Palermo are very numerous. I, this morning, saw twenty-five or thirty of these bells lying in the court-yard of the University, which serves as a barrack and also seven pieces of cannon and a large pile of balls.

THE COMING GRAIN CROPS.

The London Times, of 22d ult., forebodes a famine in England, owing to bad weather and consequent short crops. The prospect of the grain crops in France is also said to be unpromising. On the other hand, the cereal crops in the United States and Canada never promised better. A larger crop of wheat than we ever had before, by, perhaps, one-fourth, is now secured, or in process of harvesting.

WHEAT MARKET.

A sale of 2,000 bushels new red wheat was made at Norfolk on Wednesday, at $1.25 per bushel

Times' Correspondence.

NEW YORK, July 22, 1860.

Hot Weather—Zouaves—Murder—Great Eastern—Barnum—The loss by fire—Willie Ware, his writings and a Bridal Tour to Europe.

Dear Times:—"These few lines will inform you" that Edgar is still on the outside of *terra firma*, but quite devoid of *news*. The hot weather is rapidly melting me down, in consequence of which I find myself day by day "growing beautifully less by degrees." Yesterday the thermometer ranged from ninety to a hundred and ten. Surely it cannot be much hotter in North Carolina. Everybody though seems surprised that I, coming from the *South*, should complain of *heat*. I have no doubt, however, that it is much cooler here *in the country* than it is in the country whence I came. It has not only been hot here, but very dry—we have not had a good rain since my arrival.

We have had, since I wrote last, our usual weekly quota of murders, homicides, fires, accidents and casualities—but, with the exception of the "Zouave" *furore*, nothing very exciting. This fini-hed little squad of soldiery—now on a visit to Boston—has created quite a stir in the military circles, and among the juveniles of our city—eliciting the praise and commendation of the *savans* thereof.

The examination before the coroner in the alton-Mathews tragedy, as you have already seen, came to a close last Wednesday—resulting in the committal of the alledged murderer, Charles Jefferds, to the Tombs, to await the action of the Grand Jury. From the evidence already adduced there is not the shadow of a doubt that Jefferds will, upon the final hearing be convicted of the crime with which he is charged. It has very aptly been compared to the Burdell-tragedy, but there is this difference, the evidence against Jefferds is more explicit and conclusive than that in the Burdell case; besides the defendant in the latter was a *woman*, which entitled her to greater sympathy from without than Jefferds will receive.

The Great Eastern is still the great center of attraction. Baraum has not the shadow of a chance so long as this "big fish" remains in our waters. If the ship stays here he (Barnum) has but two alternatives left, to wit—buy the Great Eastern *and place it in his museum*, or close the establishment. The visitors to this stupendious work of art some days last week amounted to ten thousand a day.—This at fifty cents per head is making money—$5,000, a day.

The damage from the fire, of which I wrote in my last, at the foot of Charles and Perry streets, is estimated at about $100,000. That was a right respectable fire!

Oh, I have something good, something rich to tell you. I paid a visit evening before last to the sanctum of our poetical young friend, "Willie Ware," of Brooklyn, and met with a very kind and hospitable reception. I do not know when I have spent a more pleasant evening—enjoyed a greater "feast of reason, and flow of soul," than on this occasion. We talked and read, and read and talked until the principal hand of my watch pointed to No. 2 of the "wee short hours ayont the twal."

Inasmuch as "Willie Ware" is a contributor to the "Times," and therefore a name familiar to your readers, I will give them an idea, a very slight idea, of his *personale*.—"Willie Ware," then,—whose real name is James W. Van Amee—is small in stature, and rather effeminate in appearance—has an oval, or oblong face, which is quite smooth, with regular outline; blue eyes and dark chesnut hair, profuse and slightly inclined to curl.—To say that he is "handsome," would not be saying quite enough, while calling him "pretty" would be saying rather too much. I believe, however, that if I had to confine myself to either one of the two terms I should choose the latter. I was agreeably disappointed in two of my pre-conceived notions concerning "Willie." In the first place I had expected to find him at least thirty years old; whereas he is but twenty-one, with the appearance of not being over eighteen. In the next place, as a matter of course with young poets, I expected to find him possessed of limited pecuniary means, dependent principally upon his *pen* for a living; but instead of finding him in a garret, I found him surrounded by all the comforts and conveniences of wealth. His "sanctum"—which is a large and airy room in the third story of an elegant house—is supplied with all the requisites for the studio of a *literateur*. He makes writing his whole business, and I am pleased to learn that he recieves *good pay* for all he writes. He is a regular contributor to a large number of the leading literary periodicals of our country, and is beginning to be known "over the water," and his articles copied by prominent European Journals. And yet he is but twenty-one years old! looking more like a school-boy than a poet. He has written nearly three hundred poems, and a great many sketches and tales. He is on the eve of publishing two volumes—one prose and the other poetry—after which, about the first of September, he will start on a tour through Europe—carrying with him a young and beautiful bride, together with the good wishes of his thousands of readers.—Edgar Orville, for one, wishes him abundant success. Edgar would also embrace the present opportunity of returning his thanks for the hospitable attentions received at the hands of Willie's parents, during his brief sojourn under their roof. He was especially well pleased with Mrs. Van A.

After begging pardon of your readers for this very long letter, I remain

Yours truly,

EDGAR ORVILLE.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

ARREST OF COUNTERFEITERS.

A gang of counterfeiters has been arrested at Parkersburg, Va., viz.: Ira Johnston, Adam Valentine and Hiram Sutton, the latter a hotel keeper. In the possession of Sutton was found many implements necessary in the manufacture of the bills. In the cellar they found the plates for State Bank of Ohio twenties; Bank of Kentucky tens; a new two dollar plate on the Southern Bank of Kentucky, which had never been used. The plate is thought to be one of the best ever made. The arrests were made by Officer Reany, of Pittsburg.

DUEL NEAR DANVILLE.

The Appeal says a duel was fought the 21th July between Messrs. A. J. Clark and Edmund Fitzgerald, which resulted in the wounding of the latter. His injuries, however, are believed not to be serious, the ball having only penetrated his body to a limited extent. The weapons used were rifles, distance forty paces. The scene of the duel was a few miles from town, in the neighboring county of Caswell, N. C.

PROJECTED FIENDISH OPERATIONS.

An extra, from Benham, Texas, dated July 17th, contains a letter from the editor of the Dallas Herald, stating that a fire at that place had led to the discovery of a plan to devastate the whole of the Northern portion of Texas.

Two preachers, Messrs. Blount and McKinney, who were expelled from that section last year, are the instigators of the plot. Their plan was to lay the whole country waste, by destroying all arms, ammunition, &c., and get the section into a state of helplessness, and then on the election day in August, organize a general insurrection.

They were to be aided by emissaries from the North, and parties friendly to such devastation, who were in Texas. Their plan was districted and sub districted. Each district was to be under the direction of white men, who were to control and direct the negroes. Several white men and negroes have been arrested.

The following fires are reported to have occurred on the same day of the fire in Dallas.

A mercantile house in Black Jack Grove, with a loss of $30,000.

Three business houses at Denton, with a loss of $100,000.

A large store house at Pilot Point, with a loss of $10,000.

A store house at Ladonia—loss $25,000.

Eight stores at Bellknap, and the town of McKord, were totally destroyed.

Several other smaller fires have occurred, and great excitement prevails throughout the country.

Prompt and effective measures will be taken for the preservation of life and property.

[The above report is said to have been given under the impulse of excitement, and is rather exaggerated.—*Eds. Times.*]

RICHMOND FAIR GROUNDS.

The Richmond Dispatch says the mammoth building at the Central Agricultural Fair Grounds, designed for mass meetings of the Society, and for the exhibition of such articles as cannot bear exposure to the weather, is being erected as rapidly as possible, and will be completed in ample time for the Union Fair of the State and Central Societies, which will be held on the 22d of October next. The first story of this building is up, and the workmen say there is no doubt about having it completed before it is wanted. The Directory of the Central Society are preparing to have the grounds put in tip-top order before the middle of October, and the members of the two Societies, now that they are pulling together in the great agricultural cause, are exerting themselves to make the next exhibition superior to any that has ever been held in the State. The horse department, we have reason to believe, will be of the very highest order, both thorough-bred and fast trotters; and the cattle, swine, sheep, poultry, mechanical and horticultural departments, ought to be very fine. The list of premiums offered by the two Societies is a liberal one, and the accommodations for visitors to this city will be all that need be asked.

EMANCIPATION BY A VIRGINIAN.

Miss Cornelia Barbour, a daughter of the Hon James Barbour, of Virginia, formerly Governor of the State and a member of President J. Q. Adams' Cabinet, has resolved to emancipate her numerous slaves and locate them in a free State.

FLIES SERVING THE CAUSE OF AMERICAN LIBERTY.

In the last volume of RANDALL'S *Life of Jefferson* the following anecdote is given:

While the question of Independence was before Congress, it had its meetings near a livery stable. Its members wore short breeches and silk stockings, and, with handkerchief in hand, they were diligently employed in lashing the flies from their legs. So very vexatious was this annoyance, and to so great an impatience did it arouse the sufferers, that it hastened, if it did not aid, in inducing them to promptly affix their signatures to the great document which gave birth to an empire Republic.

The anecdote I had from Mr. Jefferson, at Monticello, who seemed to enjoy it very much as well as to give credit to the influence of the flies. He told it to me with much glee, and seemed to retain a vivid recollection of the severity of an attack, from which the only relief was signing the paper and flying from the scene.

Lawrence's Hotel at Raleigh, N. C., has been sold for $8,000 to the U. S. Government, for the erection of a Postoffice on its site.

RICHMOND GROCERY MARKET.

The *Dispatch* of Saturday reports:

Sale of Coffee.—Yesterday morning Messrs. Edmond, Davenport & Co. had an auction sale, at their storage house, on the Dock, of 1,606 bags of strictly prime Rio coffee, which brought an average of $15 55. The sale was the liveliest one that has taken place here for many years, and because of the great scarcity of the article the prices, ranging from $15 50 to $15 80, were higher than have been obtained here since 1848. They also sold 6,500 sacks of salt at an average of $1 55, and 50 tons of rock salt at from $10 25 to $11 25 per ton.

Sugar Sale.—Messrs. Dunlop, Moncure & Co. sold by auction, yesterday morning, 291 hogsheads of Porto Rico and New Orleans sugars, of various marks, ranging from prime to strictly choice quality, at an average of $8 60. The lowest grades brought $8 05, and the highest $8 95.

ACQUITTAL OF JUDGE TERRY.

We learn from the San Francisco papers that Hon. D. S. Terry, indicted for the murder of Senator Broderick, has been acquitted, owing to the absence of some of the witnesses against him.

A PLEASANT ROUTE.

It affords us pleasure in copying the annexed notice from the Augusta *Constitutionalist*:

Business men are compelled to go, and pleasure-seekers will go, to the North, and while many object to the sea route from Charleston and Savannah, it is agreeable to know that they have a very unexceptionable route by railway through South Carolina, North Carolina and Virginia. There is, perhaps, none more pleasant, or cheaper, than the one from this place to Kingsville, South Carolina, thence to Columbia, Charlotte, Raleigh, Richmond, Washington, Baltimore, Philadelphia and New York; or from Weldon to Portsmouth, thence to Baltimore by splendid bay steamers. This line connects with a line of stages from Greensboro, North Carolina, to Danville, Virginia, and also with stages from Raleigh to Shocco, Buffalo, and other springs. Travelers should not overlook the claims of this route, as it passes through a high, healthy and populous country, with good hotels and eating houses, pure water, is almost entirely free from dust, and is unsurpassed for its speed, comfort and safety. Lewis Levy is the agent in this city.

DAVIDSON COLLEGE.

Rev. Dr. Waddell, of La Grange College, Tenn., has accepted the Presidency of Davidson College, N. C. The Richmond Dispatch makes the above notice and locates the College in South Carolina. Only a slight mistake, as it is in Mecklenburg county, which joins South Carolina.

MORE FILLIBUSTERING.

The next arrival from Honduras, says the New York Times, will no doubt bring definite information of the landing of Gen. William Walker, with a small party of adherents, in Honduras, *en route*, via, that isthmus and Guatemala, for his old stamping-ground, Nicaragua. This last attempt is evidently the renewal of Walker's abortive expedition of the schooner Susan, which left Mobile about two years ago, and got wrecked in the effort to enter the port of Omoa compelling the abandonment of the enterprise.

Gen. Walker arrived at the island of Ruatan about the 25th of June last, on board of the schooner John Taylor, where he was joined by about one hundred men, who had been gathering there for a month previous dropping in singly and in small squads, so as not to attract attention; coming in fruit vessels and other straggling conveyances. The arrangements having been completed, the Dew Drop, in command of Capt. Dimon, suddenly landed some fifty men, while a steamer, reported to have on board the balance of the expedition, was lying off and on, without attempting to land.

On the 27th of June the whole party left the island on board the John Taylor, "destination unknown." A vessel, supposed to be the Taylor, was subsequently seen off Manger Keys, at the mouth of Ruatan harbor, bound to the southward, the proper course for Omoa or Truxillo. The arrival of an English man-of war at Ruatan is also announced, which under ordinary circumstances, would look after the fillibusters; but the political excitement of the transfer of the domain to the State of Honduras, and the need of their services to prevent an uprising of the populace against the change will furnish the marines all the employment they will require, without hunting after Gen. Walker.

Thus, it is probable that the entire force will land at some secluded spot and before any organized attempt can be made to arrest their march, they will have made their way across Honduras; or the Pacific vessels will probably receive the fillibusters on board and before news of their coming has preceded them, the invading forces will have landed at Realejo, prepared to move on Nicaragua. Another supposition is, that Walker will find in Guatemala, considerable reinforcements, which will enable him to pass rapidly through that State unmolested.

A person in the confidence of Gen. Walker, who recently spent several months in Nicaragua states that the fillibuster chief has a proclamation all prepared to be issued the moment he enters the country, in which a peaceful policy will be announced, and an amnesty will be granted for all past offences against the deposed President and his Government.

The past is to be wholly forgotten, and if permitted to do so, the returning chief is to inaugurate a career of unexampled prosperity and progress for his favorite Nicaragua.

To elude the vigilance of the men-of war stationed upon the Atlantic and Pacific coasts it has been given out that his expedition would attempt the Colorado branch of the San Juan river. The appearance of the fillibusters at the island of Ruatan, however, fully developes the plans which are to be adopted.

A ROYAL KISS.

Some of the journals are stating that the Prince of Wales is the first heir apparent to the throne of England who has ever visited the United States; but this is a mistake. Doubtless many readers are familiar with an anecdote of William IV. before he came to his estate, to the following effect:

While in New York the Prince called at a barber's shop to be shaved. When the operation was completed he stepped up to the barber's pretty wife who chanced to be present, and giving her a kiss remarked, "There now, you can say you have been kissed by one of the Royal family." The barber choosing to receive this as an insult, seized the Prince, and helping him out of the shop with his foot exclaimed, "There now, *you* can say that you have received a royal kick from a freeman."

POLITICS IN PENNSYLVANIA.

The Harrisburg Patriot gives the names of fifty-four Democratic journals of that State which advocate supporting one electoral ticket. Fourteen of these journals are for Douglas, fourteen support Breckinridge, and the others express no preference for either. On the other hand a Convention meets at Harrisburg on the 26th inst., to nominate an electoral ticket pledged to Mr. Douglas.

NEW JERSEY POLITICS.

The Douglas State Convention which met at Trenton, N. J., Wednesday, adopted resolutions declaring that no alliance could be had with sectionalists, either Lincoln or Breckinridge, and then adjourned *sine die*. The Breckinridge or fusion Convention adopted resolutions instructing their electors to cast the vote of New Jersey so as to defeat Lincoln and secure the election of the nominees of the Democratic or Union parties. The electors nominated include three Americans.

INDIAN AGENCY.

Judge Greenwood, the Commissioner of Indian Affairs, will leave Washington in the course of a few days, for the Pike's Peak country. In 1851 a treaty or arrangement was made with the Arrapahoes and Cheyennes, which, while it fixed the limits within which those Indians might hunt did not acknowledge their title to the soil. But, owing to the extension of white population, they have been seriously entailed in their supplies from the chase. In view of this, and the fact that they are friendly Indians, Congress, at the late session, appropriated $35,000 for presents, (which are being forwarded,) and to defray the expense of holding a council with them regarding their future welfare.

The Commissioners' former visits among various tribes of Indians having been productive of highly beneficial results, it is believed that the one now contemplated will have a favorable effect; and that, in accordance with the earnest desire of the Cheyennes and Arrapahoes, these will be secured in the possession of permanent homes, and induced to change their present mode of obtaining a precarious subsistence.

SUMMER TRAVEL.

The Baltimore *Patriot* says the "annual exodus of the Summer Solstice has already begun. Every train that comes in, and each train that departs, brings—on their way North, or to the Mountain Springs of Virginia—or takes away, to the seashore, Saratoga, or up to the shady heights of the Alleghanies crowds of citizens who have the leisure and the means to get away from the long rows of brick and mortar."

We believe that the amount of travel from the South, says the *Journal of Commerce*, this season has never been surpassed. New York hotels, for some time past, have been thronged from the cotton States. It would be a capital thing for the North and the country, if more of our citizens were annually compelled by stress of weather or some other cause, to reciprocate this visitation.

LATE FROM THE AFRICAN FLEET.

By a recent arrival from the Coast of Africa, we learn that there were seven American vessels in the Congo river, June 4th, trading of course; but the names of which were not reported. English cruisers had been alongside of them all, found that they were not to be boarded with impunity, and prudently hauled off, as several officers had recently been reprimanded by the Admiralty for going on board American vessels without permission. Incidentally we have been informed that a regular fleet of vessels cleared from different ports of the United States at the same time, and that distributed among them are stores and water to fit out two or three of them for slavers, and that when the coast is clear, they all combine to aid the selected vessels in receiving stores and slaves with the greatest possible dispatch. By these means, seven or eight vessels may be all engaged in the slave trade, without having on board sufficient slave material to convict any one of them. This system might be termed the "mutual aid dodge." We understand that it works successfully. It rarely happens that there is more than one cruiser near a noted slave mart, and if she should succeed in making a prize, she generally leaves the place with it, and proceeds to St. Helena or Sierra Leone. Aware of her absence, the "mutual aid" slavers dispatch as many of their number as possible, and generally run clear. We have also been informed that two or three swift steam slavers were fitting out on the Coast, from ports in Cuba, and that great gains were expected from them.—As we have not any steam vessels of the class required for such a trade, we suppose they have been built in England, and are of iron.—*Boston Traveller.*

OIL WELLS IN PENNSYLVANIA.

The somewhat outlandish name of Seneca-oil has been given to the oil that exudes from various counties in Pennsylvania, on the shores of *Seneca* Lake. But, however outlandish the name the thing itself is one of the marvels of the age. The inhabitants of the oleaginous region have published a journal, entitled the *Oil Creek Reporter*, and the Philadelphia *Bulletin* wonders that some punster has not already called that region the land of Greece. The *Reporter* relates some surprising facts. It says that on Oil Creek alone there are from four to five hundred oil wells, and as many as fourteen hundred in Northwestern Pennsylvania, a large number of which are very productive. These oil wells, it is said, vary in depth from one to three hundred feet, and the most productive yield from ten to fifteen barrels of oil a day each, a barrel holding fifty gallons. One of these wells is described, the boring of which reached the depth of one hundred and fifty three feet, when the pure oil began to appear, and it now flows in a continuous stream over the top of the pipe, filling twelve barrels a day, which is equal to 171,724 gallons a year. The oil appears to be "forced up in pulse-like jets, as if some great artery of nature had been pierced." The only expense of this well, after the first outlay for boring, is the cost of barrels and the hire of a man to close them up as they are filled. In one region, abundance of oil has been obtained at a depth of only sixteen feet from the earth's surface, and it is dipped out of the holes dug to receive it by the pailful.

The *Reporter* describes the oil obtained from these wells as one of the best illuminators in the world. In "Gales' History of Rock Oil" it is stated that the same oil is found near Scottsville, in Kentucky; in various places in Virginia, Ohio, and Western New York, as well as on the shores of Seneca Lake, from which it takes its name. It also exists in Canada West and several of the West India Islands; in the Duchy of Parma; in France; on the shores of the Caspian Sea; Rangoon, in the Burman Empire. Some of these places have produced large quantities and for a long period. The wells in the district of Rangoon are said to number five hundred, and are from three hundred to five hundred feet deep.—They yield four hundred thousand hogsheads annually, which is about 1,200,000 barrels. Oil has been taken from them for more than one hundred and sixty years.

VISIT OF CANADIANS TO ST. LOUIS.

St. Louis, July 27. A party of seventy international excursionists, composed of members of Parliament, various public officers, members of the press, prominent agriculturists and others, from the Canadas, arrived here this afternoon, and visited some of the principal objects of interest. The excursion was projected by the Illinois Central Rail road, in connection with the Michigan Central and other Western roads. The party leaves for Iowa on a special train this evening.

INSULTING AN AUDIENCE.

At the commencement of Dickinson College, Pa., last week, one of the speakers, in his theme, lugged in the "irrepressible nigger" It was greeted by a storm of hisses, and the conservative portion of the audience left the building. Among the "seceders" were several ministers of the Methodist Episcopal Church, the pastor of the Second Presbyterian Church in Carlisle, followed by divers members of their flocks. The Trustees of the College passed a resolution which, in substance, requested the Alumni to be careful hereafter that their addresses should not trench upon any of the "institutions" of Church or State. Dickinson College, though a Pennsylvania institution, is, and always has been, largely supported from Maryland and Virginia.

DR. DEEMS.

The following is an extract from a letter written by Dr. Deems from Venice, on the 12th June, 1860. The custom spoken of is singular, and the language in which it is related poetically beautiful and simple:

"Have you ever heard of the pigeons of St. Mark's? They are so much respected by the Venicians that they go tamely about the square and are fed at the public expense. The Austrian government is obliged to pay that much homage to public opinion, as to feed those little pigeons. This is done once a day. Is it not beautiful? They toil not, neither do they spin, yet our Heavenly Father makes despotism appropriate so much corn to their support, come what may. Why should I distrust him? So I thought to-day as I gazed on them. At a certain window in the north-west angle of the piazza of St. Mark's their daily portion is doled out to them at two o'clock. Near that hour they begin to assemble. When one of the iron men struck two the crowd increased When the other toller struck they flocked along the streets, and then when the great bell of St. Marks pealed they fell in showers on the house. When fed, they betake themselves to various quarters. All the striking and ringing of the day does not affect them, (and this is the most extraordinary place for bells I have visited,) but two o'clock brings them up punctually.—They know the place and hour of food."

The election is over, and the jig is up.

THE TIMES.



GREENSBORO, N. C.

Saturday.....August 1, 1859

C. C. Cole, J. W. Alabaster, } Editors and Proprietors.

Contributors.—We present only a few names from the large number who contribute to The Times:

L. W. Caruthers, D.D.,	Geo. W. Cothran,
Wm. R. Hunter,	E. G. Staples,
J. Sidney Holloway,	Stephen F. Miller,
Mrs. E. H. Sigourney,	Prof. E. F. Rockwell,
Mrs. Mary A. Denison,	Matilda C. Sneed,
Mrs. C. Whitsey,	Finley Johnson,
Mary W. Janvrin,	Lottie Linwood,
Willie W. Pabor,	Clara Augusta,
Ina Clayton,	A. Perry Sidney,
C. C. Pinckney,	Mrs. D. Vernon,
Anna M. Bates,	Paul Rivinwood,
Grace Milwood,	Mrs. O. W. Lefevre
Mrs. L. M. Hutchinson,	Mrs. E. C. Loomis,
Ed. St. Geo. Cooke,	Julia Southall,
Mrs. C. Hutchins,	Mrs. M. A. Bryan,
Griffith J. Morse,	J. C. Fitz Gerald
and others.	and others.

John Foster.

A small work called "The Beauties of John Foster," falling recently into our hands, induced us to make the following reflection on his character as a writer. This eminent essayist was born in Halifax, Yorkshire, Sep. 17, 1770: died October 15, 1843—making him 73 years o. age. In early life he was engaged in the business of a weaver. Being much better fitted by native endowments to weave intellectual garments, to warm and beautify the mental man, he wisely gave up the trade and devoted himself to the high calling of the ministry and literary pursuits. This is another instance of mental greatness rising up from obscure life. Heaven seems to delight in dropping the germs of genius in obscure places, to shoot up into lofty trees of greatness, limbed with spreading branches to refresh the weary—in order to show the world the more clearly, that these are trees of His own right hand planting. The great heroic Pioneer of the Reformation, Luther, was the son of a poor miner. Melancthon, the lucid expounder of Luther's doctrines, was the son of an obscure mechanic. Bunyan, the great delineator of christian experience, was a low street tinker.

But what about Foster? John Foster was a man of an amiable spirit, but a gloomy cast of mind. Did you ever observe the fact, that men of a melancholy disposition (other things being equal) are the deepest thinkers? A gay, sunny, light heart makes men float upon the surface of life, like a cork upon a stream.—We do not lay it down as a maxim, that the gloomy night of melancholy is, as the natural night, bringing out brilliant stars of beauty, which are not seen in the gladsome light of day, but certainly there is a philosophical reason in the thing, and a goodly degree of historical evidence to support it. Dr. Johnson, Mahomet, Cromwell, Napoleon and Hannibal, all profound thinkers and successful actors, were men whose minds moved and acted in the sombre shades of melancholy. You can think upon this question at your leisure, we will pass on to our subject. Foster's talent as a writer ranks among the first class geniuses. We notice a few prominent characteristics.

The first feature, we call attention to is, his graphic terseness in sketching his subject almost at one dash. With magic skill, he lifts the curtain and shows you the whole scene at once. The lightning of his genius reveals at one flash the whole outlines of the picture.—A few illustrations: Speaking of Chatham's mental structure, he says—"Lord Chatham in his speeches did not reason; he struck, as by intuition, directly on the results of reasoning; as a cannon ball strikes its mark without you seeing its course though the air." He says of that splendid preacher, Robert Hall,—"In some remarkable manner every thing about him, all he says or does is instinct with power. Even a common sentence, when he utters one, seems to tell how much more he can do. His intellect is peculiarly potential, and his imagination rules without obscuring the colossal form of his mind." This is a fine description of a great mind. Great intellectuality is seen in putting luster and vastness upon subjects, which seem common and tame, when handled by ordinary minds. With one dash he gives a fine idea of the vast versatility of Shakspeare's mind. Here it is—"Shakspeare had perceptions of every kind, he could think every way. His mind might be compared to that monster the prophet saw in his vision, which had eyes all over." One would think that Shakspeare's mind *had eyes all over*, for he seemed to see every thing in man, earth, hell and heaven, and describe it just as he saw it. It was said by another, that every idea in the world now, once passed through Shakspeare's mind.

A second feature, is the rich fulness of original thoughts that abound in every paragraph. His sentences are as full of valuable ideas "as an egg of meat." His big, plump, thoughts seem to lack verbal raiment to cover them fully. Like opened chinquepins, you can pick them out and leave the verbal peculiarity remaining. Robert Hall said of his writings that, "They are like a great lumber wagon loaded with gold."

A third characteristic and the last we shall now notice is his brilliant and apt imagery.—Every abstract idea coming out of his mind can be illustrated by a chaste striking figure. His metaphors are beautiful and rare. We give one of his most homely ones. Of the envious man he says—"His memory is nothing but a row of hooks to hang up grudges on." We might select hundreds of passages from his works to show the compact vigor of his style—the rich fund of his originality—the practical excellency of his subjects and the classic beauty of his figures. If you want thoughts clear as solar light and weighty as gold—thoughts beautiful as golden apples set in pictures of silver—get John Foster's works. The little work called "The Beauties of John Foster" is a rare gem of English Literature. It is multum in parvo.

The Song of the Shirt.

The following too brief notice of Hood's exquisitely pathetic poem will be read with interest. It is from the published memorials of him, collected and edited by his son and daughter:

"In the Christmas number of Punch for this year, (1843,) appeared the famous 'Song of the Shirt.' It was, of course, inserted anonymously, but it ran through the land like wildfire. Paper after paper quoted it, and it became the talk of the day. There was no little speculation as to its author, although several, I believe Dickens among the number, attributed it at once to its source.

"At last my father wrote to one of the daily papers and acknowledged it. He was certainly astonished, and a little amused, at its wonderful popularity, although my mother had said to him, when she was folding up the packet ready for the press: 'Now mind, Hood, mark my words, this will tell wonderful! It is one of the best things you ever did!' This turned out a true prophecy. It was translated into French and German; and even, I believe, into Italian. My father used often to laugh and wonder how they rendered the peculiar burthen,

"Stitch stitch, stitch!"

and also,

"Seam and gusset and band!"

"It was printed on cotton pocket handkerchiefs, for sale, and has met with the usual fate of all popular poems, having been parodied times without number. But what delighted, and yet touched my father most deeply was that the poor creatures to whose sorrows and sufferings he had given such eloquent voice, seemed to adopt its words as their own, by singing them about the streets to a rude air of their own adaptation."

The Origin of Hail Columbia.

In the 'Recollections of Washington,' just published, occurs the following anecdote:

'The song of Hail Columbia, adapted in measure to the President's March, was written by Joseph Hopkinson, of Philadelphia, 1798. At that time war with France was expected, and a patriotic feeling pervaded the community. Mr. Fox, a young singer and actor, called upon Mr. Hopkinson one morning, and said: 'To-morrow evening is appointed for my benefit at the theatre. Not a single box has been taken, and I fear there will be a thin house. If you will write me some patriotic verses on the tune of the President's March, I feel sure of a full house. Several people about the theatre have attempted it, cannot be done. Yet I think you may succeed. Mr. H. retired to his study, wrote the first verse and chorus, and submitted them to Mrs. H. who sung them to harpsichord accompaniment. The time and the words harmonized. The song was soon finished, and that evening the young actor received it. The next morning the placards announced that Mr. Fox would give a new patriotic song. The house was crowded—the song was sung—the audience delighted—eight times was it called for and repeated—and when sung the ninth time the whole audience stood up and joined in the chorus. Night after night 'Hail Columbia' was applauded in the theatre; and in a few days it was the universal song of the boys in our streets. Such was the origin of our national song, 'Hail Columbia.'

POPULAR BATHING.

Life at Cape May is thus hit off by somebody who has seen the elephant:

Rush down through the crowd—go in lemons!—swip!—how refreshing the first ice-cold swash of foam—toe-deep, ankle-deep, knee-deep—I've got Flinders by the hand—jolly little hand—whoop—the surf is up to her nice little black beaver belt now—steady!—turn my back to great sea—here comes an elephant breaker, a regular Great Eastern rolling in an all devouring smooth rolling monster—ah, but Flinders gives a lovely scream—just before it breaks lift her up; hold her high—am lost myself in a watery abyss—but wave lifts us—takes us in and Flinders declares with emphatic delight she actually seemed to fly on shore—it was so delicious! Yes—don't doubt it—not much flying for gentlemen bather, though. Want a strong arm and long practice to bathe girl well this way—girl must know how too—know how to catch breaker just before breaking—turn feet in shore—half float—let up!

Heenan and McDonald are in Albany, N. Y., much to the delight of the roughs there.

The Rev. A. J. Orr died in Thomasville, Ga., on the 13th ult.

The Book Department.

Being a Record of recent American Publications.

THE LIFE OF SAM HOUSTON.—The Hunter, Patriot, and Statesman of Texas. (The only authentic memoir of him ever published.) Illustrated. G. G. Evans, Philadelphia. 1860. Price $1.00

We have read this work with interest. The life of Houston has been not only a long one, but a most eventful one: full of contests, trials, hardships, battles, wounds, strategems, perilous adventures, heroic deeds, unyielding bravery, conquests, civil honors. A romance with his counterpart for the hero would be pronounced extravagant; though grinning bark from a hickory knot has never been attributed to him, yet his hunting adventures are not surpassed by the celebrated Crocket, himself.—His battles in the Texan Revolution are hardly paralleled; and the prosperity of Texas as a member of these United States is more indebted to his "wisdom in council" than to any other one man. A man for every emergency, his life has been a brilliant success in whatever field of operation he directed his energies.

"There are moments in our lives on which fortune suspends our future history; and when we meet the crisis like men, she takes care of the future for us. Once past the hour of trial, there are no more hardships to undergo, no more dangers to encounter. The gates, which guard the way to glory, are swung wide open to the advancing hero, and he treads the path of light and triumph, as the Roman conqueror marched up to the temple of Jupiter, through the streets of the Eternal City.'

The history of the life of Sam Houston, is the history of Texas. He gave her life, he watched over the years of her infancy, he has guided her maturer years. And even now, gray headed and well stricken in years, he presides as her chief executive.

Gen. Houston was born the 2nd March, 1793, in Rockbridge county, Virginia. The only inheritance left him by his father, who died in 1807, were the qualities of a powerful frame, fine bearing, & indomitable courage. The widow, an extraordinary woman, with her large family of children, emigrated across the Alleghany, and settled on the fertile banks of the Tennessee River, the boundary between white men and the Indian wilds. An Academy was established in that part of Eastern Tennessee about this time, which for a while young Sam attended. His elder brothers exercising over him a common authority, took him from school and put him behind the counter, in a merchant's store. Suddenly he disappeared, and after great search for several weeks, intelligence revealed the fact that Sam had crossed the river and gone to live among the Indians, where he seemed to be living more to his liking. They questioned him on his motives for this novel proceeding. Although very young, he was nearly six feet high, and standing as straight as an Indian, he replied that "he preferred measuring deer tracks, to tape—that he liked the wild liberty of the Red men, better than the tyranny of his own brothers, and if he could not study latin in the Academy, he could, at least, read a translation from the Greek in the woods, and read it in peace. So they could go home as soon as they liked."

This was the moulding period of his life, when the heart, just charmed it to the fevered hopes and dreams of youth, looks wistfully around on all things for light and beauty—"when every idea of gratification fires the blood and flashes on the fancy—when the heart is vacant to every fresh form of delight, and has no rival engagements to withdraw it from the importunities of a new desire." And yet this running wild among the Indians seemed a pretty strange business, and people used to say that Sam Houston would either be a great Indian chief, or die in a mad-house, or be governor of the state—for it was very certain that some dreadful thing would overtake him.

Of his after life as a soldier in the United States Army, his practice at the bar, as Governor of Tennessee, as a member of Congress, as Commander-in-Chief of the rebels in the Texan Revolution, as President of the young Republic, as Senator of the United States, and his private life, we refer the reader to this interesting volume, published by Mr. G. G. Evans the great Gift Book publisher, who will send it by mail to any address with a present, on the receipt of the price, $1.00, and 21 cents to pay postage.

RUTLEDGE. New York: Derby & Jackson, 1859.

Such is the simple title page of the volume now open before us, and which is now enjoying a run attained to by the fewest of the many romances teeming from our lightning presses. From the hundreds of new volumes published every year, it would seem that it were an easy matter to write a book; but from the few that meet with anything like a success, it would also appear that these volumes are in the main devoid of anything particularly striking or impressive. They are but re-hashes from the same framework, with no fresh flavor, and are dead and insipid. Fresh thinkers are in the field of literature, what inventors are in mechanics and as inventors, compared with the thousands of copyists, are few; so fresh and original writers are scarce among those who labor in the literary world. The great majority are but imitators, makers of duplicate copies. It is true the writer of Rutledge somewhat imitates Beulah, and this is fashioned after Jane Eyre, still the original pattern has such excellence as not easily to be exhausted; and furthermore, there is, notwithstanding the striking similarity, a marked originality in each of these volumes.

Rutledge is published anonymously. There has been much speculation as to the authorship, but we believe it has finally been settled upon Miss Mitchell, a young lady of New York city. We have seen it stated as a curious fact in relation to Rutledge and to Beulah, both published by Messrs. Derby & Jackson, of New York, that they were rejected when first offered to publishing houses in that city. Of Beulah there have been issued twenty-three editions in nine months; and Rutledge ran through six editions in six weeks.

Rutledge is an autobiography, the writer appearing nowhere by name, always by "I." The hero is Mr. Rutledge, who lives at "Rutledge," a romantic old mansion. The principal scene is laid in New York, and the story reveals a great deal before it finally runs through, illustrating that "the course of true love never runs smooth;" and "there is many a slip between the elbow and the lips."

The style is peculiarly easy and fascinating. We have opened the book at random, and here we give you an extract, the first paragraph that falls under our eyes, without the connection before and after. How simple, how easy the style, yet how forcible the language:

"How well I could have told them who it was, and how long the bloated, disfigured corpse had lain floating among the reeds and alder-bushes at the head of the lake! How their ears, indeed, would tingle, if they should know the quarter part of what I knew. How sleepless and terrified Josephine's nights might well be, if she knew that a single foot of brick and mortar was all that separated her from the execrated murderer, with the horror of whose crime the country rang. How doubly aghast she would be, if she knew that the murderer was none other than the guest she had herself invited to Rutledge—the brilliant and clever man whose admiration she had vainly striven to obtain—the affianced husband of her cousin! What if they knew all this? What if my brain should give way under the pressure of this dreadful secret, and I should betray all! Sometimes I really thought I was losing my reason; the knowledge that I held the life of another in my own weak hands, made them tremble more: the keeping of the secret was wearing my very life away: sleepless nights and wretched days were doing their sure work with me, and the terrible excitement within, shone out in my eyes and burned in a crimson spot on each white cheek, throbbed in my quick pulse and sapped the strength and vigor of my being. I could have wrestled with and overcome fear and timidity, if they had been all; I could have been brave and strong, if I had had but his sin to cover, his crime to hide; if I had been true, if my own heart had been pure of sin, I could have borne it. But it was the weight of remorse, added to all the rest, that crushed me to the dust. It was remembering how great a part I had had in Victor's sin, that took all courage out of my heart. If I had not deceived him, and allowed him to believe I loved him—would he not have been safe? From those first beginnings of pride and resentment, I traced my sin in regard to him. Whenever they had got a foothold, the soothing flattery of Victor's love had crept in, to allay and lull the pain they caused. And I had trusted to myself, and gone on sinning. Just so far as I had been estranged from duty, and grown cold to holy things, just so far had I gone forward in the path which had now brought me to such terrible bewilderment. Whenever I had prayed and repented, his influence and the temptation of his presence had been weakened or withdrawn: whenever I had listened to the whispers of wounded pride or determined resentment, his voice had been at my ear, his love laid at my feet. When little Essie's death had drawn my thoughts awhile toward heaven, and made me realize the littleness and impotence of pride and wrath, and the insignificance of things seen, the power and eternity of things unseen, he had been forgotten and indifferent; but so soon as I had allowed the return of worldliness, so soon had I found myself snared in hypocrisy and deceit toward him. The little sins of every day, they had tempted me on to where I now stood. It was so easy to look back and see it all—how one slight omission of duty led to another—how one moment of indulgence had weakened self control—one disregard of truth had grown into the tyrant sin from which I could not now release myself; struggle as I might, I was helpless in its grasp. Every step but plunged me deeper: every word was but a fresh deceit.

ASKING QUESTIONS.

"What is that, George?" asked a teacher of a young pupil, pointing to the mark (?) used to show that a question is asked. "A corkscrew," replied George. He had seen his father use a corkscrew nearly of that shape, and not knowing his punctuation marks he gave a guess, which was not so far out of the way, after all; for questions are corkscrews, with which to open bottles of knowledge. A boy who asks questions about everything he sees will become well informed. It is not always necessary to consult other persons to gain knowledge. Ask questions of books, and of everything you meet with. Inquire of the plants about their stems and leaves and flowers; ask the insects how they live; they will answer not in words, but by showing you, if you observe them carefully and patiently from day to day. In this way, by examining and questioning whatever they saw, philosophers have become distinguished for their knowledge. They drew out their wisdom with a ?

Senator Benjamin sails on Saturday for California, where he is engaged as counsel in the New Almada case.

Our Homes.

"THERE IS NO PLACE LIKE HOME."

OLD AGE.

How beautiful is old age. The sun is ever brightest when it is about to sink below the horizon and hide its radiant brow behind the curtains of a peaceful sleep. It is in the evening that the nightingale sings its sweetest song and it is autumn time that nature is ripest and looks most golden and beautiful: how can it be then that the sunset of life should be less joyous and cheerful than its meridian? Every body believes it too, for he has had the words drilled into his mind a thousand times but many have found that "the fear of ill exceeds the ill we fear," and that the enjoyment of life suffers no diminution from the increase of years.

Age is a mighty thing. It has triumphed over the trials of life, and flushed with victory it waits its reward. From bloodless lips, the youth, as he sits gazing into the wrinkled features and lacklustre eyes before him, hears the experience of the past: he is warned of the shoals and quicksands of life, and directed to the noblest channels, he heeds the warning.—Thus age is mighty again, for into the hot blood of rising generations it sends its own genius and direction.

Age is a holy thing. It is the sanctuary of well spent lives. It is the temple at the top of the ladder of existence, where the tottering limbs and wearied hearts may find repose, whence they may look back without regret upon the world, they are so soon to leave, with smiles of encouragement to those who are still struggling amidst the stormy waves of fortune and then turn and gaze with yearning eyes upon the portals of that wondrous spirit-realm that will soon unfold and give them entrance to the glories of the Lord.

LIQUID MANURE FOR THE GARDEN.

Every man who has a sink spout, has a fountain of wealth at his back door. You laugh at the idea, for you have never tried it. Make the experiment, and you will laugh at your own simplicity for overlooking a stream that abounds with gold dust, as really as Pactolus. The application of liquid manure to meadows, or farms may be at some distance in the future, but for its use in gardens the time has already come. A good many laborers, mechanics and villagers are already trying it, and finding it just the thing.

If you have nothing better, sink a hogshead a foot or two in your garden, in the most convenient place, and run a leader from your sink spout into it. A watering-pot is the best thing to put it on with, but not at all essential. An old pail and dipper kept for the purpose, will answer. When the plants are well up and begin to grow nicely, apply the liquid two or three times a week just at night. It is excellent for vegetables and small fruits, and for grapes and pears, until they begin to approach maturity. It not only increases their size but improves their flavor.

RAISE FINE FRUIT.

A cotemporary very truly says: "Fruits are an important part of the living of a family.—We wish every farmer would lay his plans in season and take time by the foretop, for improving this branch of industry. If he lives near a market, it is the most profitable; and wherever he may be, there is a refining influence in fruit culture, which should not be overlooked. There is solid comfort in it. There is an innocent luxury. When the children are far away, and have built them other homes, they will remember the old homestead, but no place in it, except the place by the fire-side, where a loving mother used to sit and mend their clothes and darn their stockings, and bear patiently with their childish pranks, and teach the young idea, will be remembered with more longings to return, than where their childhood's lips smacked the fruit of a favorite tree. Apples, early and late, for summer, autumn winter, and spring; pears, grapes, peaches, quinces, plums, cherries, gooseberries, apricots, currants, and strawberries, should be the delight of every farm, unless peculiarity of climate would exclude some of these, and many others should be introduced if soil and climate favor."

RENOVATING OLD APPLE TREES.

An exchange says if there fruit is bad, the sooner you fill the tops with scions from the best varieties, the better; but do not make "Shanghais" of them. Graft as low as possible. The scriptural way for the fig tree was, to "dig about it and dung it." No better way can be found for the apple tree: but remember the word "about," and let your operations extend full as the utmost branches reach. Do not dig too deep, nor injure the roots unnecessarily. Stirring the surface soil frequently is what you want. Try that, and you will be amazed at the renovation you work in old apple trees.

DANGER IN WEARING ARTIFICIAL TEETH.

Several accidents have recently occurred in Boston from artificial teeth which were set upon plates. During the inhalation of ether or chloroform, in order to produce insensibility for the performance of some surgical operation, false teeth have dropped from the plate, and been partially swallowed, remaining in the throat, and causing suffocation until they were found and removed. People wearing plate, therefore, should always be careful to remove them before breathing any anæsthetic, for it cannot be expected, by ladies especially, that their physician will ask them if their teeth are artificial.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

To My Captive Bird.

BY MABEL LANSING.

Beautiful bird of the joyous wing,
Sweet is the song thou hast learned to sing:
And dearer by far than gems from th' mine,
Is the sweetly warbled song of thine.
Beautiful bird!

I've gaz'd on thy plumage with joy untold,
Mark'd thy feathers of glittering gold;
And listened enchanted to thy untaught lay,
That I hear at th' dawn and close of day.
Joyous bird.

But not half so dear to this heart of mine,
Is the sweetly warbl'd song of thine:—
As the cheering words of a friend I love,
While over dreary earth I rove—
Friendless and lone.

Oh! earth hath nothing so pure and true,
As th' love that is known to but very few:
For nearly all hearts have grown hard and cold,
From the love of gain and paltry gold.
But few are true.

And I ask not wealth nor worldly fame,
The arm of power nor a lofty name:
But give me friends and hearts that are true;
For all joys besides are fleeting and few,
And not so pure.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

Farewell.

BY GRACE MILLWOOD.

Farewell bright land of birds and flowers,
Farewell sweet friends of happier hours:
I leave thee, we may meet no more,
Save on that far-off happy shore.

I leave thee, yet may not forget.—
Fraught with such joy the hour we met:
Sweet was that meeting, yet how brief,
Sad now our parting, fraught with grief.

Believe me while my heart shall glow.—
While life within my veins shall flow,—
Deep in my heart ye have a place,
And on it pictured is each face.

Fond mem'ry oft will wander back,
While I may tread life's chequered track,
And I with feelings sad, yet sweet,
Will sigh that we no more may meet.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

Romance in Real Life:

OR,

A VOLUNTEER OF 1812.

BY MABEL LANSING.

CHAPTER I.

"It is enough. These repeated depredations committed by the English are too much for us to bear. What! shall we, sons of heroes who gained our liberty by the price of their blood cower before the whelps of the lion they humbled to the dust? Do the British think us their most humble and obedient subjects? Do they deem us cowards and slaves that will tamely submit to any measures they may be pleased to enforce? Have they forgotten the siege of Yorktown and Saratoga? Have they forgotten how they were driven from post to post like hunted deer?

"Ah, De Vert! you need say nothing more to me of injustice, rashness, and the like, on our part. I have it; you would submit to anything the British try to impose, because, forsooth, they are stronger than we. Bravado! Bravado! Talk to me about your heroism. Suppose a hundred hungry wolves should come to our camp to-night—would you dare raise your musket against them? No, of course not. You would give up and submit to be eaten alive, because they are greater in number and stronger in brute force than we. There's not much force in your argument. It can't be weighed."

Thus spoke Mark Allington, after reading the proclamation of war that was issued in June, 1812, as he walked to and fro in front of a camp fire that blazed high into the heavens. He was dressed in a hunter's garb, a powder horn hung by his side and the shining knife in his belt told that he was a hunter of the deer and wolf. He was built like a sturdy oak which seems to bid defiance to the raging tempest. His broad high forehead which was tanned from exposure, bespoke a wealth of intellect, while his dark gray eye that was lit up by excitement told of deep and powerful feeling.

His companion who was sitting on the ground with his hand on his musket, and looking timidly one way, and then another allowed his friend to call him a coward and the like, but was so humbled, and so full of fear that he dared not resent even in word or look. He was fine-looking, though rather delicate. His hands were soft and white as a lady's, while Mark Allington's were hard and brown from toil.

They were both sons of revolutionary soldiers. Mark's father who had been a brave and faithful supporter of our natural rights, died from the effect of a wound received at Yorktown, though not till three years after peace and freedom were secured. Thomas De Vert was the son of a Frenchman, who, after the disbanding of the army of the United States, preferred America to his native home and built a cottage in the northern wilds where he took his American bride. The son was not worthy the father, though his effeminacy sprang more from imperfect training than the lack of natural endowments.

But Mark Allington would have done honor to a line of princes. His ardor and impetuosity that with some might be thought rashness, can but gain our admiration, and his noble independence and fearless daring insured the interest of even his enemies. An hour before a horseman had passed and left a copy of the proclamation. Thus it was that Mark had become so much excited and felt ready, that night should it be necessary to start for the field of action; while Thomas De Vert with whom he had been almost constantly from his childhood, took the side that so many did and contended that there was nothing to be gained by the war, and that the cause was not sufficient to go to arms. But the truth is, he thought but little of his country's welfare. It was his own safety that he consulted.

Strange it is that a young man in whose veins flow the current of a new and vigorous life shou'd be so deaf to the calls of honor; so regardless of his country's glory as to think of submitting to oppression when a little resolute exertion would effectually throw off the chains of the oppressor. But so it was. And so it is now. Indeed, we know that in days past, as in the case of Thomas De Vert, there were those who, by inaction or by bare traitorousness, plainly manifested how little they had the interest of our country at heart. And in these days it is greatly to be feared that in our National Legislature there is too little patriotism; too little of the spirit which says I am an *American*, and as such I *shall* and *will* support the honor of America both at home and abroad.

It was late in the night; still Mark continued his walk in front of the camp fire, while De Vert lay taking his ease save when the fagots needed to be piled higher; for the air was damp, besides the panther and bear were not far off, and the crackling limbs in a distant thicket warned them of a lurking foe. But that was nothing to the young men. They were used to spending the nights thus, though seldom so much alone.

"Are you agoing to walk all night, Mark?" inquired his companion.

"No," was the reply, "but I cannot sleep."

"Ah! you hear the panther's yell and afraid," said De Vert tauntingly, for he had been thinking about Mark's calling him a coward.

"The panther's yell and afraid!" As I live, I have heard no sound. But, Thomas De Vert, it will not do for you to accuse me of foolish fear. Do I look like a coward?" said Mark, as he drew his knife from his belt, and flourishing it in the air, stopped suddenly in front of his companion.

"Pardon me, a thousand pardons. I know you're a brave fellow and that I'm a coward I was only in jest."

"Yes, you are pardoned," said Mark, and he turned away saying to himself. "Poor fellow I pitty him." and DeVert—as he liked to be called—muttered between his teeth; "zounds! he's brave, and I like him, that Mark Allington. I know he thinks he's better than I, and I'll trouble him yet. There's that girl Ellen Wade, he loves her better than his own life and I'll win her in spite of him."

The night passed on. Again and again the fire was replenished but still Mark kept up his steady treading till just a little before dawn when he threw himself upon the ground by DeVert, and said: "Well, my mind is made up. We will go home this morning. I shall bid my friends good-bye and enlist. I could hardly give up all but it's my duty and I am resolved."

"But Ellen, will you leave her?" inquired DeVert. Why only next spring you are to be married."

"Yes, I must leave her, and it is thoughts of her loneliness when I am gone that have kept me up to-night. Too, it will be like tearing the cords from around my own heart; but I must do it. She is full of her father's patriotic spirit and will willingly consent."

"You are not so sure of that. Do you think she'll be willing for you to go off and get killed? If that's so I'd not give much for her love."

"De Vert, that will not do. You must not speak thus of her in my presence. You do not understand her. You know nothing of the self-sacrificing spirit that is hers. No, you do not, nor never can. She is a rare jewel. I have seen many who are called more beautiful, but I never saw one so good and pure, indeed, she is too pure for earth. Ah! not for the wealth of worlds would I do without her love."

"Your mother, have you forgotten that you must leave her too?" said De Vert.

"How strange you talk. Do you suppose that I could determine to leave home perhaps forever, and not think of my widowed mother, to whom I owe everything? Thought of her! yes. I know how hard it will be for her to see me go; but she lived in the times that tried men's souls, and her greatest regret will be that she has not more than one son to defend her country's rights. And you ought to go with me, you ought to throw off your feminine timidity and be a *man*."

"But I may be needed here," answered De Vert. "There are Indians not far off. Their hostilities may be roused, and it would not be well for the women and children to be unprotected."

"I have thought of that," said Mark, "but the engagement will doubtless be in another quarter, and I hope we shall be able to draw them off from these little settlements, and a well conducted army is the only thing that can do it."

"I understand, but then the Indians are not to be depended upon."

"Well, let it be as it may, you will, of course, act as you choose, but as for myself I must go. I will not stay here inactive for fear that something will or will not happen. I will try to rest now. You will tend the fire," said Mark, as he spread his blanket and lay down, though not to sleep; for the current of his thoughts was too deep for even a temporary slumber.

CHAPTER II.

"Life's more than breath and the quick sound of blood,
'Tis a great spirit and a busy heart."

Love, in a thousand instances, rules the world; and it is not strange that Mark's affianced was uppermost in his mind. "This separation"—thought he—"will be a trial of her love—but there is no trial needed. Our love has been the day-star of her existence, when but a child she played with and loved me, and now a woman she has given me the first place in her heart. And if I should die, how could she bear it; how could she who lives entirely in the affections give up all thoughts of love? Yet Heaven will deal kindly with my darling Ellen." And then he thought of his mother and her loneliness in his absence.

"What are wealth and renown to the love of home and friends? What is the empty praise of the world, when compared with the commendation of loved and loving ones? Nothing, nothing. Few there are that will own it, but it is true. One of the greatest heroes of ancient Rome yielded his iron will to the love of his wife and mother, while the smiles that wreathed the hero's lip in hours of triumph, are not so heart-felt as those that are his when with loved ones around the hearthstone. Ah! there's an emptiness in the world's praise that it makes my heart sick to think of. I go, not to seek fame, but to do my duty; for we should sacrifice everything no matter how dear to what conscience tells us is our duty." This, and much more thought Mark, as he lay upon the ground.

The stars one by one faded in the heavens, and the sun's bright rays flooded the earth with light of purple and gold. In the distance flowed a murmuring streamlet which in the sun-light looked like a sheet of silver. A gentle breeze fanned the flowers and bowed the willows lower over the water's edge. Mark raised up, looked for a moment around him and impressed with the rare beauty of the scene said: "Beautiful! gloriously beautiful!" At that instant his attention was arrested and by the quick eye of a hunter he saw a panther not forty feet off. He raised his gun and fired. The aim was sure, and with a terrible yell the animal was stretched on the ground. The noise awoke De Vert who started up crying: "Murder! murder! I'm shot!"

"Dead, I suppose you mean. It's well you've survived to tell the tale," said Mark sneeringly.

"Have the English come?" inquired DeVert, trembling from head to foot like a worried deer.

"No you coward. It's nothing but a panther, you see the fire has gotten down and he was venturing near; in fact he was crouched for a pounce. It's lucky, I tell you that I happened to see him. Ah! you're pale as a ghost, and frightened nearly to death. No, no, you'd not do to go to war: why, you'd fall dead from affright at the first charge of the enemy."

"Mark you are too bad. I was half asleep," pleaded De Vert.

"Never mind if I am. I'm agoing to try and shame you out of your cowardice: for, do you suppose a man was ever a coward? But let us up and cook our venison and then for home. We've stayed away too long."

"You mean that you've stayed too long from your lady-love."

"Yes, if you wish to have it so; for if I've stayed too long from home, I've stayed too long from her since she's near my home."

"A touch of logic *Monsieur*, is it not?"

"No, not at all. I suppose you would remind me of your French origin," said Mark as he opened the coals.

In a little time their breakfast was prepared, which was rude enough, but they partook of it in right good heart and in the afternoon reached home.

Mark's mind was full of his new project, and without throwing off his hunting suit, he hastened to Ellen's home.

Happy as a bird, she sat by her window, caroling a sweet, simple woodland air. Mark paused in the grove to gaze upon her, yet it was but a moment; for she saw him, and with a joyous step hastened out to meet him. Her movements were fleet and graceful. Her form full but slight; she was about medium height. Her eyes were blue and full of soul, her hair dark, brown and bound up with careless grace. The bright flush of health was on her cheek:—yet she was not beautiful, none called her so;—still, few there were who looked upon her that did not turn to look again: for it seemed that in her was something not to be seen by the careless gaze. She was, in truth, a rare flower of the wilderness, a bright and joyous bird of love and loveliness, and every action spoke forth her character.

"So you've come at last," said she, as she reached her hand to Mark.

"Yes," at last my Ellen, "Let us go and sit there by the door under the oak. I have something new to tell you." And Mark playfully put his arm around her waist and pressed a kiss upon her forehead. "Something new, as you always say, yet—and he sighed—something that I fear will pain you."

"Tell me quick then. But no, you are only trifling," said Ellen, as she looked up into his face which wore a sad, yet pleasant look. "Ah! what you have to tell seems to be bad news: but you are fatigued from your long walk."

"Perhaps so," answered Mark, as he led her to a seat.

"And now for the something new," said Ellen, while the mischief of the fun-loving girl danced in her eyes. "Tell me quick, for I never could wait for anything."

"Just let me try your patience a little then. Just let me see if you can wait, and the while you may think about it and see what kind of a wife an impatient girl would make," answered Mark, enlivened by her merry mood.

"Oh! now you know exactly what I think, why, an impatient wife would be the greatest of blessings. A scold is by all means the most pleasant companion in the world, and everybody knows it. It's a fine ride to have clouds and sunshine."

"Why, Ellen! it is a wonder to me that you ever spoke in earnest to any one. How shall I know that you were not in jest when you promised to be my wife? I sometimes fear that I shall awake to find all thoughts of your love an idle dream. How shall"—Ellen interrupted him, tears were in her eyes, and she said—as she laid her hand on his arm—"Mark, O Mark! Why talk so? Why fill your mind with such odd fancies? Have I not given you my whole heart and loved you as but few could? Oh! I never thought you would doubt my truth."

"My darling," said, Mark,—and he drew Ellen closer to him—"I would doubt my own truth sooner than yours. I believe you to be the very soul of truth and goodness. This will do, your spirits were too light and I wished to prepare you for what I have to say."

"Go on then, I will listen."

"You are acquainted with the troubles on the high seas; and doubtless know that war is declared. I have determined—"

"O Mark!" sobbed Ellen.

"Let me go on," he resumed,—"you know that there is a great division of opinion. Many censure the President and consider him incompetent to fill his office.—The consequences will be that the invading foes will come upon us and we shall be unprepared to meet them. Twenty-five thousand young men, at the least are needed to-day and surely you would not wish me to stay when by my going the honor of our country may be saved?" He paused for a reply. Ellen's head sunk heavily upon his shoulder and she trembled like a leaf.

"Ellen be calm. Think of it. Would you have me stay?"

Oh! thought Ellen the playmate of my childhood, the friend and companion of my later years. Can I part with him perhaps forever!

"What do you say," again urged Mark as he smoothed the hair back from her forehead.

"Go," she answered firmly.

"Thank you, noble girl. I knew you would say so, and too I knew how much it cost you; but all will be well."

It is surprising to see how woman can nerve herself for trial, how she will rise superior to the difficulties that surround her, and in a moment, as it were, become, instead of a weak, trembling girl, a noble heroic woman.

Ellen had shed tears, because her lover appeared to doubt her truth, but when she saw that the interest of the country demanded it she gave up her heart's idol and cheered him on in his enterprise, and only once spoke despairingly, and then said, "Mark, we shall be comparatively safe while ye will be constantly exposed to death. Your father—"

"Ellen, my heroic Ellen," answered Mark, "do not at this hour allow yourself to think of him. I know all; but will come back better and stronger, nobler and better prepared to return the noble heart-worship you so freely give me."

They stayed and talked till the sun was almost down, and then went into the house.

Ellen's father was an old man. The sun of his life had almost set. He looked like the oak which has withstood the storm of many a winter, marred by time, yet still stately and strong. He had been a soldier in the revolution, and was full of patriotism and excitement. When Mark told him of his intention to enlist in the army, he was delighted, called him a noble boy and bade him "God speed."

The table was spread and a hearty repast partaken. Still the old man was forgetful of everything but the approaching war. He rubbed his hands together and said, "volunteer my boy, by all means volunteer. If I were not so old; if I thought I could endure three moths I'd start to morrow." And he raised a glass of wine to his lips, saying, "my heart is full of new life, I feel young again, I seem to be in the camp now. But then, we had some hard times, poor fellows." Thus the old man talked on, first of the impending war and then of the fight with the "old Lion," as he called the Revolution,—and ended by saying. "The English are not quite keen enough for us. They thought by oppression to crush us down, instead of that they lost the profits of thriving colonies, incurred a heavy National debt and spilt the blood of their best soldiers. They sold a gold eagle for a pewter sixpence and had better keep a good lookout or they'll do that this time."

Ellen's head ached. It seemed that some dark shadow was creeping into her heart. She strove to drive the sadness from her and went to the door where the cool breeze could blow upon her burning forehead. Mark soon joined her and standing before her said, "not repining I trust; not conjuring up wild fancies about war and carnage? Do not fear. Heaven will protect me and I can fight bravely knowing that a true heart waits me here."

"Mark!" said Ellen, but paused. It was all she could say. A good-night was spoken and then he went home.

A company of volunteers was to pass through the place the next day, and Mark made arrangements to go with them. The hour came. Sadly and silently the aged mother resigned her only son to her country and looked to God for support and consolation. Then he went to Ellen's home, received the farewell of her gentle mother and the "god-speed" of her father. Ellen sat in her favorite place under the oak. She was very pale, and her eyes were swollen from weeping. Neither spoke a word, not even the dear good bye, and they parted in silence and tears.

(To be continued.)

RELIGIOUS WORLD.

GREEK AND AMERICAN CHURCHES.

It should be noted that a great change is going on now in the Greek and American Churches in Turkey. The Bible was almost absolutely unknown in the empire when the American missionaries came here 30 years ago. There were no schools. The grossest superstition reigned everywhere. Every man's life and property was at the mercy of the priesthood. Now all has changed.

Almost every Greek and Armenian knows more or less of the Bible. Good schools abound. Pictures have almost disappeared from the Armenian churches. A thousand superstitions have become obsolete. The power of priestcraft is fading away—the lay element of these churches is rising up and forcing the clerical aside. Both the Greek and Armenian patriarchs in Conspa have just resigned under a pressure of this kind—to make way for more liberal men. In short a *reformation* is going on in both of these churches—*re*-formation which was incontrovertibly awakened and is now pressed on by the example and teaching of the American missionaries. Should this go on, and become more spiritual, we may hope for better days in Turkey. But it is the spirit of God and not Russian diplomacy which is to regenerate this empire.

GOOD NEWS FROM ABYSINIA.

It is well known that there is in Abysinia a christian church, which embraces many followers, but which is exceedingly corrupt in doctrine and practice. The Basle Missionary society, as well as the Church Missionary Society of England, have endeavored to diffuse the pure gospel there; nor have their efforts been without success. The excellent Gobat, now Bishop of Jerusalem, labored in that country several years, and his "Sojourn in Abysinia" contains more reliable information respecting that country, the religion and manners of the people, &c., than any other book with which we are acquainted. This worthy prelate lately sent a supply of Bibles to the King of Abysinia in his own language. He received them with great joy, and began at once to distribute them—telling the priests to whom he gave them that henceforth they must teach the people out of this book in the future. The missionaries who labor there have gained a great influence over the mind of King Theodorus. They build roads and bridges, introduce useful arts of all kinds, distribute bibles, and recommend the truth by their conversation and their lives. The king has so far recognized their civil services as to raise them to the rank of nobles. He has recognized them to be right in those points where the doctrines of the bible differ from the traditions of the Abysinian Church, and in token of it has received the sacrament of the Lord's supper with them.

RELIGIOUS RIOTS IN LONDON.

It is scarcely credible, yet it is nevertheless true, that the religious riots in St. George's Church, London, continue on every Sunday, without interruption from the authorities or police. As regularly as the services are commenced, the hooting, howling, profanity and violence of the mob begin. The London journals which publish such exemplary essays on mob violence in America, would find it difficult to produce just such a case in the annals of American rowdyism. Yet here is a regular Sunday riot, perpetrated every week, under the eyes of the government, and yet the government whose attention has been often called to it, never raising a finger to interfere. Of the merits of the religious issues involved in this case, we do not profess to know anything: but, whatever they may be, we should suppose the ecclesiastical tribunals, and not the mob, were the proper authority to settle religious questions.

MORAVIAN CHURCH.

The *Moravian*, published at Bethlehem, thinks, that the Moravian Church will experience great modification within a century. It admits that in this country the Church is in a transition state. "It is feared by many that it may not survive the uncertainties and perplexities of these times; we earnestly hope and pray to God that he may inspire us with wisdom, that his work may not suffer in our hands, but that, by a new impulse from on high, it may go forward, reaping the rich rewards of devotion to the service of God, and the best interests of man."

MISSIONARY TO EUROPEAN TURKEY.

During the recent session of the General Assembly of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church at Nashville, Tenn., Rev. J. C. Armstrong was publicly and solemnly set apart to the work of foreign missions in the empire of European Turkey. Such an event was never before witnessed in that church.

THINGS YOU MUST NOT DO

Never abuse one who was once your bosom friend however bitter an enemy he may be now.

Never insult poverty.

Never speak contemptuously of woman.

Never eat a hearty supper.

Never stop to talk in a church aisle after the service is over.

Never smile at the expense of your religion or your Bible.

Church, the artist, has bought a fine farm on the Hudson, near Catskill, N. Y., and is now sojourning there.

Mr. Sanderson, of the New York Hotel, has been appointed Purveyor for the Prince of Wales during his presence in Canada.

A man behind the times should feed on catch-up.

THE TIMES.

GREENSBORO, N. C.

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A boy, who has a good English education, about 15 years old, who can come well recommended, will be taken as an apprentice to the printing business, if application be made soon.

Guilford Grays.

This military company paraded in our streets on last Saturday, under first Lieutenant, Wm. Adams, acting as Captain. They made a fine appearance and attracted much attention. As a part of the proceedings, they repaired to the station some little time before the train was due, and stacking their arms, awaited its arrival. The occasion was the return of the Orderly Sergeant of the company, W. H. Bourne, with his beautiful bride. On the arrival of the train, the Grays were called into rank, and as their O. S. stepped from the car, presented arms. The Governor of the State being on board, was also called out and saluted with "present arms!"

Political Excitement in Virginia.

Occoquan, a small village in Prince William county, Virginia, has been the scene of great political excitement for some weeks, it originated by the Republicans, about sixty of whom reside in the vicinity, organizing an association on the 4th of July for the purpose of erecting a Lincoln and Hamlin pole. The pole was erected and the parties were very insulting to the people of the county in their remarks and threats in case any one attempted to cut the pole down. This raised much feeling in the neighborhood, and at a public meeting it was agreed that the flag was an insult to the people of Virginia, and incendiary in the object it was raised to produce, and should be torn down on Friday, the 27th day of July.

The Republicans declared they would die in defense of the pole. They demanded aid of Governor Letcher, and he ordered a company of military to proceed to their protection. The commander of the company resigned his commission and refused to serve. On the appointed day, the citizens collected in the town; the women and children went to the country, the Prince William Cavalry ranged themselves in the neighborhood of the pole, and a company of about 40 strong, formed a hollow square around the pole facing inwards.

At the word of command, Jas. W. Jackson, of Fairfax, a stalwart yeoman, sprang forward and gave the first blow, others followed, "redoubling stroke on stroke." During this time, there was no interruption, save the Republicans and others, who stood at corners near by would cry out, "Ain't your axe dull;" "Hope you're having a good time," &c. In a few minutes, however, there was a cry of "stand from under," and the pole came to the ground and shivered. Instantly, the crowd give three cheers, when the "Republicans" responded by three cheers for Lincoln and Hamlin. All were quickly at work on the fallen pole, and in less time than it takes to tell, it was chopped up, and the pieces carried off.

Occoquan is the residence of Mr. Underwood, who was driven out of Virginia in 1856 for attending the National Convention that nominated Fremont. He was a delegate to Chicago, and, it is said, is sustained in his course at home by about three hundred men.

Our Schools.

The Fall Session of GREENSBORO FEMALE COLLEGE commenced last week, and we are pleased to learn that the young ladies have come in with unusual punctuality, so that at this writing there are only a few vacancies, and applications are made to more than three times the number necessary to fill these.

It is a source of gratification that the College is in such a prosperous condition, but at the same time we feel sorry for those who are denied the privilege of instruction. This will not be the case much longer, however, by the liberality of the friends of the Institution; for they have placed necessary funds into the hands of the building committee to enable them to make ample additions and the builders, we are pleased to see, are now at work.

EDGEWORTH FEMALE SEMINARY commences its Fall session this week, and from the manner in which the young ladies have commenced coming in, we are glad to believe this Institution will also soon be filled. The departments in our schools are all ably filled equal to any similar institutions anywhere. And that they are so liberally patronized is only what might be expected from an intelligent and appreciative public.

N. C. CONFERENCE.

This body meets in Salisbury this year, on the 4th day of December. Bishop Payne will preside.

Rev. Daniel C. Haughton, editor of the Philadelphia Presbyterian, died on the 9th July.

FOREIGN NEWS ITEMS.

The City of Washington, from Liverpool the 18th July, has arrived, and the following is the regular news dispatch:

ITALY.

At Naples the Minister of the Interior has addressed a circular to the provincial authorities. It declares that the institutions given by the King to his people are their's forever; that they inaugurate a new era; that all functionaries must regulate their conduct on the principles of order, progress and liberty which henceforth form the basis of the public law in the kingdom of Sicily.

Four of the great European Powers—if we are to believe the reports from Naples—are now busily engaged in effecting the reconciliation of Sardinia with Naples, which froms part of the policy of the Neapolitan Ministry. These four Powers are Russia, France, England, and Prussia.

A letter in the Siecle says it is reported in Sicily that El. De. Martino, Plenipotentiary of the King of Naples, and the Marquis De Villemarind, Sardinian Ambassador at Naples, are to proceed to Palermo to announce to the Sicilians the concessions of the King of Naples, and ask for their acceptance.

Several of the Paris journals allude to a reactionary spirit prevalent in Sicily, and attributes it partly to the presence of Mazzini.

Advices from Palermo to the 8th inst. state that the Affrica, which stopped at the port of Palermo on the night of the 7th, was obliged to leave it in half an hour, by order of Garibaldi.

Upon learning this the Ministry sent in their resignations, which were accepted.

The example was followed by the other authorities.

Signor Cosenz arrived at Palermo on the 6th instant and was received with joy by General Garibaldi. 1,500 volunteers embarked at Genoa on the 7th. Another embarkation was to take place on the 10th. Volunteers continue to arrive.

Gen. Lamoriciere having withdrawn his troops into the interior, insurrectionary movements had broken out at Santagata, Montefeltro and near Cattolica.

The Adriatic Journal states that the Pontifical troops stationed at Pesaro were ready for departure. Their destination, however, was not known. 1,500 Austrians had been sent to Urbino. 500 Irish volunteers had disembarked at Ancona, and committed disorders at Sinigaglia, which were repressed by the Papal Carabiniers.

England and France having already dispatched men-of-war to the coast of Syria, Austria thinks it her duty to do the same, and will likewise dispatch two of her vessels to Beyrout.

The London Times quotes a letter from Rome, which states that a serious disturbance had taken place amongst the Irish brigade, in consequence of a discussion as to who were the best Catholics. When an armed force was sent to restore order some of them threw the furniture out of the windows. One Irishman has been sentenced to death by court-martial, but the Pope would not allow the sentence to be executed.

ENGLAND.

At a conference of gentlemen from all parts of England held July 11, on the course to be pursued in order to defeat the step taken by the Lords on the paper duty, a resolution was passed calling upon the members of the House of Commons to use any means that the forms of the House allow to prevent the passing of supplies until the act of the Peers has been set aside.

The suspension of Messrs. Robt. Freeland Bros., Manchester, shippers to India, is announced. The liabilities are reported at £60,000.

There is nothing of importance in the proceedings of the House of Commons.

The Liverpool Daily Post of the 18th, says positively that the Government disallows in toto the proposed transfer of the Galway line mail contract to the Montreal Company.

THE LATEST.

The two vessels which passed over to Garibaldi are merchant steamers.

It is confirmed that the steamer Veloce has passed over to Garibaldi.

Naples, July 14, 1860.—Patriots are constantly traveling the streets.

The moderate party is full of apprehensions concerning the stabbing of an inspector of the former police on the 12th, in the Strada de Tolla.

A proclamation of Garibaldi against the Bourbon dynasty has been distributed. He says: "I am a royalist, but prefer Victor Emanuel, who will head us against Austria."

London, Tuesday Evening.—Consols 93¾ a 93⅞.

There is a good demand for money at the bank rates.

Paris, July 17.—The Rentes have declined to 68f. 90c.

It is said that private orders have been given to the French press to say as little as possible about Garibaldi.

The French crops all promise a good yield.

SYRIA.

Sickening details of the massacre of Christians in Syria had been received. The general opinion was that the Turkish authorities were acting in connivance with the Druses, and that the Government at Constantinople, which might have stopped the bloodshed on all occasions, left the Christians to their fate.

A Ladies' Association has been formed in London for the relief of the sick and wounded, widows and orphans, of Garibaldi's followers and sufferers at Palermo and other places. None of the money will be applied to warlike purposes, but solely to those of charity and benevolence. The lady president of the association is the Countess of Shaftesbury. Miss Florence Nightingale has subscribed £10.

The city of Armagh, Ireland, has been greatly excited lately by rival Protestant and Catholic demonstrations. The conflict is said to have been commenced by Catholics yelling opposite, and throwing stones into a house where a Protestant prayer meeting was being held. Shots have been fired. It was expected that the district would be proclaimed.

The interest and management of the national debt of England amounted last year to £28,372,416, being at the rate of £3 10s. 8d. per £100.

It is said that the Lazzaroni of Naples are so disgusted with the King for cheating them of their promised pillage, and declaring himself ready to grant free institutions, that they have gone over to the liberal side.

The New Hanover *Gazette* states that King George has "vouchsafed to nominate Napoleon III., Emperor of the French, the King of Saxony, and the Duke of Nassau, among the members of the Royal Order of St. George."

The number of persons who visited the Palais Royal to see Prince Jerome lying in state was, as nearly as can be calculated, not less than 300,000.

A terrific conflict has occurred at Naples, between the people and the Royal Troops, in which a number have been killed on both sides.

The Neapolitan Ministry has been dismissed and a new one formed. The former Inspector of the police has been stabbed and killed.

Garibaldi has issued another proclamation against the Neapolitan Bourbons, and in favor of King Victor Emanuel, which are being distributed throughout Italy.

A fearful massacre of the Christians has taken place at Damascus, and five hundred have been slaughtered. Among the wounded are the Dutch and American Consuls.

A French armorer has sent to Garabaldi a gift of a coat of mail, dagger proof and bullet-proof. Its workmanship is perfect, and it is valued at upwards five thousand francs. It may be worn under the uniform like a shirt, for it is extremely flexible, light and portable.

Incendiary Fires in Texas.

A telegram from New Orleans conveyed intelligence that several towns in Northern Texas had been destroyed by fires, supposed to have originated with incendiaries. The Houston [Texas] Telegraph, of the 19th ult., has some allusion to the subject, as follows:

"Suspicion has fastened on two men, who we hear, have been arrested. These men came from Kansas, and pretended to be looking at the country. They have been seen in the neighborhood of several of these fires just before they broke out. It is thought by the people that they are abolition emissaries, and there is good cause for the belief. Last year an abolition parson and one or two associates were run out of Dallas by the people. When they left they gave out that the movers in the affair should suffer for it. It appears that most of the fires have been set so as to insure the burning of the property of persons who were connected with the committee in that matter."

The people in the towns in Northern Texas were forming themselves into Committees of Safety, and employing large squads of special police to watch for the incendiaries.

The unusual number of fires not only in Texas, but throughout all the Southern states would indicate a general combination or organization of incendiaries for the destruction of property. They must be abolition emissaries; at least, in every case where caught or found out, they have proved such. No town or house is safe. We never pick up a paper that does not contain an account of one or more incendiary fires. When we retire at night to sleep we do not know but we may be aroused from our slumbers by crumbling walls of flames. We can believe these incendiaries are none other than Abolition agencies for the destruction of Southern property. They seem to have declared war to the death, with a fiendishness unparalleled. The frequency of these fires demands that a stricter watch should be kept by the police and by vigilance committees, and that every suspicious character should be summarily handled. Our safety demands vigilance and we should not be slow to heed.

THE FRENCH FEELING FOR LIBERTY.

To estimate the feeling in Paris, a working cabinet maker, of Faubourg St. Antoine, was lately robbed of 300 francs [half his savings] by a young comrade, who left a note to say that he was off to fight in Sicily. The defrauded workman went at once to the Lyons Railway station and seized the robber, but to fold him in his arms and regret that a large family dependent on his own exertions kept him at home. Numbers witnessed this scene, which excited no astonishment in Paris.

BRUTAL MURDER.

A reward of $200 is offered, at Columbia, Tenn., for the arrest of two railroad overseers, Frederick Wright and Thomas S. McCrary, who gave Mr. Holm's negro 1200 lashes, covered his raw back with turpentine, and put him to work in the sun, killing him in twenty-four hours. Wright is said to be from Massachusetts.

FROM WASHINGTON.

Washington, July 20.—Sr. Pombro, the New Granadian Minister, has arrived, with a copy of the treaty with the United States, the original of which was lost overboard between Aspinwall and Carthagena. It has been ratified by Granada. The Chiriqui purchase, if deemed proper by the United States, will be negotiated hereafter.

THE CATTLE DISEASE.

The Commissioners sent out by Ohio to examine the cattle disease in Massachusetts, report that the disease, although contagious, is easily managed, and that it is not likely ever to obtain any serious hold upon the herds in the Western States. The State Agricultural Society of New Jersey have decided to exclude neat cattle from the next annual exhibition.

DEATH FROM A SNAKE-BITE.

Dr. A. Sebrell, of Mason county, Va., lost an interesting little son of four years old from the bite of a copperhead snake on the 12th inst. The little boy was strolling about the barn in company with a small negro boy when the snake bit him. Physicians were called in but no remedy could be devised to save the life of the child.

PERSONAL.

The Right Rev. Archbishop Hughes is to be made a Cardinal next October. He will be the first American ever honored with that dignity. Had Bishop England, of South Carolina, lived, it is said, that the Cardinal's hat would have been conferred upon him.

Maj. E. Broughton, Assistant Engineer of the Southwestern (Ala.) Railroad, died in Eufaula, Ala., on Saturday, from sun stroke.

Michael M'Carthy, of the Kerry Militia, was generally late on parade.

"Ah, Michael," said the sergeant, "you are always last."

"Be aisy, Sergeant Sullivan," was the reply, "shure and some one must be last."

"Now, Charley, my boy, there's a bottle of wine that's forty years old."

"Forty years! By Jove, I'm astonished!"

"What, because its old?"

"No, John, but to find it so small to its age."

"Get any ice at your end of the table, Phil?"

"No—but I've got the next thing to it."

"What's that?"

"A severe cold."

MARRIED.

In Gatesville, on the 24th ult., Mr. Chas. G. W. Riddle, and Miss Mary E. Barrett, both formerly of Portsmouth, Va.

In Camden County, on the 17th ult., Dr. Joseph Richardson, and Miss Louisa A. Spence.

In Orange county, Mr. W. W. Moore, and Miss Lucy R. Henderson.

DIED.

In Clarksville, Va., on the 14th ult., Mrs. Mary L. Currie, wife of Rev. A Currie, of Orange county, N. C., in the 55th year of her age.

In Anson county, on the 17th ult., of typhoid pneumonia, Mrs. E. Gaddy.

In Mississippi, at Oakland College, on the 12th ult., Rev. B. E. Lanneau, a native of Charleston, S. C., in the 31st year of his age.

Tribute of Respect.

At a regular meeting of Buena Vista Lodge, No. 21, I. O. O. F., the following Preamble and Resolutions were submitted and adopted:

WHEREAS, It has pleased God, in the dispensation of a wise providence, to remove our well beloved brother, Samuel M. Kerr, from the cares and sorrows of earth, to the peace and joys of Heaven, and we his surviving brethren feeling the mutability of all earthly things, and duly appreciating the faith of our blessed religion, which he so heartily professed, do unanimously concur in the following resolutions:

Resolved, That while we mourn the loss of our brother, on our own account, but more especially on the account of his bereaved and sorrowful family, we bow with humble resignation to that Divine Will, "that doeth all things right" and does not needlessly chastise his children.

Resolved, That we do sincerely sympathize with the bereaved family, in this their hour of sorrow and gloom, remembering however "that weeping endureth for the night, but joy cometh with the morning."

Resolved, That we wear the usual badge of mourning for thirty days.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be presented to the family of our deceased brother—and that the "Times" and "Patriot" be requested to publish.

MABEN LAMB,
GEO. W. HARRELL, } *Com.*
JOHN F. HOWLETT,

July 23, 1860.

COMMERCIAL.

Greensboro Market.

Reported expressly for The Times, by B. L. Cole.

AUG. 1.

Bacon 12@13c, beef 5@6c, beeswax 25c, butter 15c, coffee 00@16c, candles, tallow 2@2½c, adamantine 25@30c, sperm 40@45c; corn 90c, meal 100c, chickens 10@15c, eggs 8c, feathers 40c flour $5@6, flaxseed 100c, hides, green 6c, dried 12c; hay 40c, lard 12½@13c, molasses 40c, nails 5½@6½, oats 35 peas, yellow 90c, white $1; pork $8, rags 2½c, rice 7c, salt $2 25@2 50; sugar, brown 10@12½c, loaf 15c, crushed 15c, clarified 14c; tallow 12½@13c, wheat 1.@1.10.

NEW YORK MARKET.

JULY 28.—Cotton steady; sales 1,100 bales. Flour—Southern 5@5.10. Wheat—Southern White 1.55. Corn Mixed 61@62.

BALTIMORE MARKET.

JULY 28.—Wheat—New crop white 1.35@1.60; red 1.20@1.28. Corn—White 61@63; yellow 62@64c.

NEW ORLEANS MARKET.

JULY 28.—Sales of cotton to-day 1200 bales. Middlings 10c. Flour dull at 5.40@5.50.

RICHMOND MARKET.

JULY 28.—Tobacco—Lugs, common and good, at $2@4½; Leaf, 4½@8@10; Wheat—Red 1.20@1.40; white 1.40c.

PETERSBURG MARKET.

JULY 28.—Wheat—White 1.40@1.42c. Red 1.30. Cotton-mixed 10½. Corn—75@78. Bacon—10@11. Flour—sup. 6.50@7.00, extra 7.50@8.00, family 8.50@9.50.

NORFOLK MARKET.

Reviewed weekly, by Rowland & Bros., Com. Merchants.

JULY 28.—Flour—Family 7.00, Extra 6.50, Superfine $6. Cotton—7½@11c for all grades. Naval Stores—Spirits Turpentine 40@41. Rosin 1.30. Corn—white and mixed 70@76, yellow 70@72. Bacon—shoulders 10½, sides 12.

WILMINGTON MARKET.

JULY 30.—Turpentine—Virgin 170lbs, yellow dip 2.20, hard 1.15 ₱ bbl. Spirits Turpentine—Country bbls 30½c and 30½c. ₱ gal. for New York bbls. Rosin—Pale No. 1 2.00@3.00 ₱ bbl.; strained half price. Tar—1.80 ₱ bbl.

COLUMBIA MARKET.

JULY 28.—Flour—4.00 ₱ sack of 98 lbs. Corn—1.15@1.20c ₱ bu. of 56 lbs. Peas—1.00 ₱ bu. Oats—35 c. Hay—North Carolina 1.02½@1.75 ₱ 100 lbs. Northern 2.00@2.25. Cotton—extreme 11c.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

Regular Meeting Young Men's Christian Association Friday night. A full attendance is earnestly desired.

FOR SHERIFF.—We are authorized to announce C. A. BOON a candidate for reelection to the office of Sheriff for the county of Guilford.

DR. J. WOVEE PODS' IMPERIAL WINE BITTERS are made from a pure and unadulterated wine, which is about double the usual strength of other Wines, and is imported by only one house in the United States; also, from the following valuable Roots, Herbs, &c., viz: Solomon's Seal, Sqllenond, Comfrey, Camomile Flowers, Gentian, Wild Cherry Tree Bark, and Bayberry. We do not profess to have discovered some Roots "known only to the Indians of South America," and a cure for "all diseases which the flesh is heir to," but we claim to present to the public a truly valuable preparation, which every intelligent physician in the country will approve of and recommend.

As a remedy for Incipient Consumption, Weak Lungs, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Diseases of the Nervous System, Paralysis, Piles, Diseases peculiar to Females, Debility, and all cases requiring a tonic, they are unsurpassed. For the aged and infirm, or for persons of a weak constitution—for Ministers of the Gospel, Lawyers, and all public speakers—for Bookkeepers, Tailors, Seamstresses, Students, Artists, and all persons leading a sedentary life, they will prove truly beneficial. These Bitters not only CURE, but PREVENT Diseases. Being entirely harmless they may be given to Children and Infants with impunity.

☞ CHAS. WIDDIFIELD & Co., Proprietors, 78 William street, New York.

Sold in Greensboro by
June30 FORTER & GORRELL.

ONE QUARTER OF ALL OUR PEOPLE are Scrofulous; their persons are invaded by this lurking infection, and their health is undermined by it. To cleanse it from the system we must remove the blood by an alterative medicine, and invigorate it by healthy food and exercise. Such a medicine we supply in AYER'S COMPOUND EXTRACT OF SARSAPARILLA, the most effectual remedy which the medical skill of our times can devise for this everywhere prevailing and fatal malady. It is combined from the most active remedies that have been discovered for the expurgation of this foul disorder from the blood, and the invigoration of the system from its destructive consequences. Hence it should be employed for the cure of not only scrofula, but also those other affections which arise from its taint, such as Eruptive and Skin Diseases, St. Anthony's Fire, Rose, or Erysipelas, Pimples, Pustules, Blotches, Blains and Boils, Tumors, Tetter and Salt Rheum, Scald Head, Ringworm, Rheumatism, Syphilitic and Mercurial Diseases, Dropsy, Dyspepsia, Debility, and, indeed, all complaints arising from vitiated or impure blood. The popular belief in "impurity of the blood" is founded in truth, for scrofula is a degeneration of the blood. The particular purpose and virtue of this Sarsaparilla is to purify and regenerate this vital fluid, without which sound health is impossible in contaminated constitutions.

Prepared by J. C. AYER, Lowell, Mass. Sold by Porter & Gorrell, and all druggists and merchants. jy2-3m

ADVERTISEMENTS.

THE TIMES *has a rapidly increasing circulation throughout the South and Southwest, and is an excellent medium for advertising. A few short advertisements only will be inserted, at ten cents a line for first insertion, and five cents for each subsequent insertion. In favor of advertisements standing six or twelve months, a deduction of 25 per cent. will be made. Advertisements not specifying the number of insertions, for which they are wanted, will be inserted until forbid, and charged accordingly. Special Notices will be charged 15 cents a line for first insertion, and 7½ cents for each subsequent insertion.*

THE PAPER FOR YOUR FAMILY!
A NORTH CAROLINA PAPER!
THE TIMES!

A large Eight-page Weekly, published in Greensboro, N. C.
$2 a year; $1 00 for six months.

THE TIMES contains weekly forty columns of choice matter, specially adapted to the family circle. It is neither sectarian nor political, but by being courteous to all sects and parties, it is the constant aim of the publishers to present in its columns whatever may elevate the people and enrich the State. The publishers would earnestly appeal to the families of North Carolina to give THE TIMES a trial: try it for six months, to see if it be not as well to patronise home papers, as those from abroad; to build up home interests and a State pride, as to scatter our substance and our energies among strangers. Give The Times a trial and then let it stand upon its merits.

Want is said of The Times.

"The Times I regard as the very first of our Southern literary weeklies."—Rev. Charles F. Deems.

"I know of no weekly published anywhere, that is so deserving of Southern patronage, as 'The Times.'"—Rev. J. E. Edwards.

"There is no pandering to a vitiated taste—every article is of a moral tendency, and calculated both to amuse and instruct."—Wilmington Herald.

"One of the handsomest weekly papers published in the Union."—Spirit of the Age.

"Let the people of North Carolina encourage their own newspapers."—Raleigh Standard.

Address, COLE & ALBRIGHT,
Greensboro, N. C.

☞ Specimen numbers sent free on application.

THE OCEAN, from time immemorial, has been a place of resort for health and for sublime scenery. In view of this fact the

ATLANTIC FEMALE SCHOOL

Has been established at MOREHEAD CITY, N. C., in full and open view of the Sound and the Ocean, for the accommodation of such as would like to educate their daughters within the wave's enchanting harmony, and have them fanned by healthful and invigorating breezes. This School shall be *thorough and cheap!*

aug4-1y L. BRANSON.

PATRICK SPRINGS FEMALE COLLEGE, PATRICK COUNTY, VA.—This Institution commenced its first Session on Thursday, July 19th. The buildings formerly used for the accommodation of visitors to the "Springs," are now devoted exclusively to College purposes, so that young Ladies may here enjoy all the benefits of the best "Watering Places," while securing all the advantages of the best Literary Institutions, at less than one-third the usual cost of boarding at such places. Although this is a Methodist College, and has a Methodist minister as its President, yet no sectarian views of any denomination will be inculcated,—the only object being to build up a great Literary Institution upon an economical basis. Parents may rest assured that their daughters will here receive every attention that their comfort or happiness may need. Students are charged from date of entrance to close of Session; but we have no extra charges and deductions are made in cases of protracted sickness. Bills payable half at entrance, the remainder at close of session.

Expenses per Session of Five months—Elementary English, $12.50; Higher English, $15.00; Modern Languages, each, $7.50; Ancient Languages, each, $7.50; Music, $22.50; Painting in Oil, $20.00; Painting in water colors, $10.00; Grecian and Antique, each, $12.00; Drawing and Embroidery, each, $6.00; Board, including room rent, fuel, lights and washing, $50.00. For particulars refer to pamphlet, or address, REV. W. B. McGILVRAY, A. M., President.

aug4-1y

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

A SIMOON.

Something like those parching winds which pass over the great African deserts, seems to have visited certain portions of Western Missouri Monday before last. The Border Star of the 14th says:

"The weather last Monday in this neighborhood was a little different from any ever before experienced, even by the oldest inhabitants. About two o'clock, a warm breeze commenced setting in from the South which increased and intensified into a hot wind that continued with slight intermission until night. We have read of such steaming breezes on arid plains, and over immense deserts, but we never before experienced anything of the kind. It is no exaggeration to say that the wind was like the breath of a furnace. An intermission of winds—a calm—was a relief, as the sultry stillness of the atmosphere was more pleasant than scorching, blistering breezes.'

BLONDIN'S FOURTH PERFORMANCE.

Wednesday afternoon, says the Niagara Falls Gazette, M. Blondin gave his fourth public exhibition on his rope over the Niagara. There were more people in town than on any previous occasion. Blondin walked first from the Canada side, going through his usual performances until he came to the centre, where he fastened his balancing pole to the cable and descended a slack rope, the two ends of which are fastened some fifty feet apart to his main cable, the slack hanging some twenty or thirty feet below. Upon this string he ran down as though perfectly at home. He suspended himself from this with straps, hanging two or three feet below. He also stood up, to every appearance a really dangerous act. But when he whirled himself like a wheel heels over head, and very fast, people held their breath for fear and in utter amazement. Some turned their backs upon him not wishing to look upon such a fearful performance. After returning to his highway he completed the trip to the American side.

FATAL MISTAKE.

Andrew Horton, of Chepachet, N. Y., had been on a spree for about four weeks, and came home on Thursday night with a new bottle of liquor, which his wife destroyed after he had gone to bed. In the morning, as usual he was very sick, and called for his rum. His wife told him she had thrown it out. He did not believe her, and continued to call for it.—His daughter, who had got up to go to work in the factory, hearing him begging so hard, thought she would get him some. She looked in several rooms, and at last, in the closet behind the door, she found a small bottle. She took out the cork, smelt in the bottle, found it contained liquor, poured out about a gill, carried it to her father, and hurried off, as the last bell was ringing to go to work. It proved, however, to be bed-bug poison—a strong solution of corrosive sublimate—and her father died within three hours.

CONGRESS.

The editor of the Northwestern Christian Advocate, who has been in Washington lately, writes home:

As we drove from the depot, a lady in the omnibus espied the great unfinished dome of the Capitol, (which don't look much like a dome at present,) and said innocently, "I suppose those are the gas works?" "Yes, madam for the nation,' was the reply of a fellow passenger.

ABOLITION EXCITEMENT IN MISSISSIPPI.

The Meridian, at Meridian, Mississippi, of the 30th ult, learns that in the counties of Clark, Choctaw, Washington and Wayne, in that State, a serious excitement exists among the planters, the discovery having lately been made that in one neighborhood a combination of Abolitionists, who boldly defy public opinion, has existed for some time. A party of men appointed by a public meeting undertook to give them a call, but they armed themselves and offered resistance. An old man named Gilbert, and a preacher named McDonald, are the ringleaders. They seem to have been in correspondence with the old Harper's Ferry John Brown, and we learn that a point near there, and a man living there, were designated in old John Brown's confession. The man was an Irishman, and has left. The negroes have been congregating with these persons of nights—sometimes fifty of them of a night. One of the negroes was taken up, and confessed this under the lash. It was determined to have a large demonstration there soon. Persons were going from Quitman to it.

A WILD LEAP.

The Providence (R. I.) Journal states that on Tuesday night a passenger, excited by drink, leaped from the steamboat train near Richmond, while the cars were running at a speed of nearly a mile a minute. The train was stopped and backed; the baggage master and others took lanterns and searched the sides of the track, expecting to find a mangled and bruised corpse. After proceeding a short distance the missing man rose up, remarking to the baggage master, "Don't be scared, boy, I'm just off the train." His face was slightly scratched, which was the only injury apparent, but he was completely sobered.

EDITORIAL CHANGE AND SUDDEN DEATH.

R. H. Tucker sold out the Napoleon (Ark.) Planter several days ago, to Mr. Wm. Higgins, and the latter gentlemen had scarcely written his salutatory, when he was taken ill and died very suddenly. His salutatory and obituary appeared in the same paper. The Planter, since the death of Mr. Higgins, has passed into the hands of Mr. W. W. Witherspoon

A GEORGIA-MADE BROOM.

We have before us the best broom we ever saw, and, what is better, it is of Georgia manufacture, the whole fabric being the product of Liberty county. It is of unusual size and strength, and put together in every part in a manner that cannot be excelled at the North or elsewhere. Messrs. Lyon & Trask, of Riceboro, are the enterprising gentlemen who have embarked in the experiment, and though but few have been made from their last crop of corn—some twelve or thirteen dozen—if properly encouraged, they intend to go largely into the business. And why not? The idea of Georgia housekeepers sending all the way to Connecticut for brooms to do their sweeping, is simply preposterous, when you come to think of it. The one before us is worth three of the Yankee manufacture, and can be bought nearly as cheap, without the aid of labor-saving machines to reduce the cost of making. We hope our Riceboro friends will persevere in the work they have commenced, and we think we can promise that Savannah housekeepers will consume all they will be able to make for the next five years. They will accept our thanks for the very excellent article with which they have favored us.—*Savannah Republican.*

We have no doubt that the broom above spoken of by our contemporary was *new*, and "the best he ever saw." Now if the *Republican* could see some of the brooms that are made here by the Blind boys of the North Carolina Institution, his experience and knowledge in and of brooms would be extended, and he be unwillingly forced to admit that ours were *the* brooms after all. Yankee brooms are no go in this community.—*Raleigh Standard.*

IMPORTANT TO POSTMASTERS.

The Postmaster General has issued an important circular to postmasters, requiring, among other things, that in all cases postage stamps and not money shall be used in the prepayment of postages, and prohibiting the use of the rating stamps in cancelling postage stamps. A neglect to cancel postage stamps effectually, or to postmark letters plainly, will be regarded as serious cause for censure if not removal, and all postmasters are required to report every instance of such neglect to the appointment office. Instructions are also to be issued in execution of the recent provision of Congress for the return of letters to the writers thereof, when they are not taken out of the office by those to whom they are addressed.

ARITHMITICAL.

Any number of figures you may wish to multiply by 5 will give the same result if divided by 2, a much quicker operation; but you must remember to annex a cypher to the answer when there is no remainder; and when there is a remainder, whatever it be, annex a 5 to the answer.

Different sounds travel with different velocity—a call to dinner will run over a ten acre lot in a moment and a half, while a summons to return to work takes from five to eight minutes

BOOT AND SHOE STORE!—Having purchased of J. B. F. BOONE his entire stock of Boots and Shoes, the undersigned would respectfully announce to the citizens of Greensboro and surrounding country, that they intend keeping a

GOOD ASSORTMENT OF BOOTS AND SHOES,

and other articles connected with that line of business always on hand—which they are determined to sell very low, and for CASH ONLY.

☞ Opposite Britain's Hotel.

July 21-tf B. G. GRAHAM & CO.

TOBACCO FOR SALE.—We will expose to public vendue, on the 30th instant, at the residence of D. N. Kirkpatrick,

A FINE LOT OF LEAF TOBACCO,

supposed to be eight or ten thousand pounds—belonging to the estate of Joseph Kirkpatrick, deceased. Terms—Six months credit, with approved security.

D. N. KIRKPATRICK, } Exrs.
D. E. ALBRIGHT, }

July 14th, 1860. jy21-2w

GROVER & BAKER'S NOISELESS SEWING MACHINE for Planter's use.—The very great success of the Grover & Baker Sewing Machine throughout the Southern States has been peculiarly gratifying to the manufacturers, who are led to believe that their endeavors to make a reliable machine have been appreciated. The policy of the Company will be unchanged, and, as heretofore, each machine will be warranted in every respect to be as represented. That we manufacture and sell the machine best adapted to all the wants of the people of the South, can be attested by thousands of Families and Planters who have them in daily use, and, feeling the importance of meeting every want of the Southern people, we have just introduced

AN ENTIRELY NEW MACHINE,

MADE EXPRESSLY FOR PLANTER'S USE,

a machine that will sew the finest fabrics for the inmates of the household, and the coarsest goods for the negroes of the field. It is so simple in construction that a servant of ordinary capacity can readily learn to work it and keep it in order. In ordinary wear, the machine cannot get out of repair, and should last many years—being constructed with especial care as to durability. We feel every confidence of it giving the most complete satisfaction. That our machines will do better sewing than can be done by hand, is evidenced by numerous testimonials, and from many we select and invite attention to a few, as showing

WHAT SOUTHERN PEOPLE SAY:

"I take pleasure in saying, that the Grover & Baker Sewing Machines have more than sustained my expectation. After trying and returning others, I have three of them in operation in my different places, and, after four years' trial, have to fault to find."—*J. H. Hammond, Sou. Ch. of South Carolina.*

"I am very much pleased with my sewing machine; it I could not get another, I would not take ten times what it cost me. It more than realizes my most sanguine expectations."—*C. R. Nash, Camden C. H., S. C.*

LIST OF PURCHASERS IN GREENSBORO AND VICINITY.

James Sloan, Esq.	Mrs. A. Patterson.
Geo. C. Mendenhall, Esq	" A. Hornoy.
Miss N. Dalzell.	" P. Rankin.
" N. Martin.	" Stanly.
" W. Lamps.ns	" Allston.
Mrs. E. Burch.	" Dr. D. P. Weir
" A. A. Anderson	" D. Starbuck.
" Lindsay.	" Wabash.
" W. Long	" N. Scales.
" E. H.	" Col. M. S. Sherwood.
" B. Gilham	" R. Denny.
" Mabry.	" J. Baldey.
" R. Patterson.	" A. A. Spach.
" Geo. Patterson.	" Rev. P. Dalton.

OFFICES OF EXHIBITION AND SALE

495 Broadway, New York; 181 Baltimore st., Baltimore; Mechanics' Institute, Richmond; 242 King st., Charleston; 41 St. Francis st., Mobile; 11 Camp st., New Orleans; 91 Fourth st., Louisville; 4 Higgins' Block, Lexington; 124 North Fourth st., St. Louis; THOMAS P. STOVALL, Augusta, agent for Ga.; Mrs. C. BRADLEE, Galveston, Agent for Texas. J. R. & J. SLOAN, Agents,

june25-6t Greensboro, N. C.

$100 PER MONTH!—Any young man can make One Hundred Dollars in one month, with Tools for cutting Stencil Plates for marking clothes, books, &c.; which tools I will furnish for $10. Try it. All money at my risk, if registered. Address,

JUSTIN S. CRESSY,
may19-6m Drawer 29, Hillsdale, Michigan

Dry Goods, &c.

BOOTS AND SHOES, CHEAP.—I am now receiving and opening the largest stock of Boots and Shoes ever offered in Greensboro. My stock consists of ladies', gentlemen's, misses', boys', youth's and children's Shoes and Gaiters, of

EVERY VARIETY, STYLE AND PRICE;

Negro Brogans, Leather, French Calf-skins, and Shoefindings of every description. All of which will be sold at prices that defy competition. All I ask is a trial to convince you that it is to your interest to buy of me. Terms cash. 41-tf J. B. F. BOONE.

NEW MAP OF NORTH CAROLINA. Look here, friends and fellow-citizens, will you buy the noble State of North Carolina? If so, send to the subscribers, or subscribe to the county agent, for their new, large and magnificent MAP OF NORTH CAROLINA, and you will get the whole State, with her rivers, railroads, gold, copper, lead, iron and coal mines, and all the cities, towns and villages, her noble mountains and springs, and her fields and flowers. If you want this Golden Prize, now is the time. The map is seven feet by five, with border views of the State-house, insane asylum, Chapel Hill, male and female colleges, &c.; and is one of the cheapest and best maps ever published.

Agents are wanted for every county in the State. Terms liberal. PEARCE & BEST.

tf Hillsboro, N. C.

1860.....SPRING STOCK.....1860

WHOLESALE CONFECTIONERY. The subscriber has received, and begs to call the attention of wholesale dealers to his splendid stock of

Confectioneries,	Fruits,	Nuts,	Fancy Goods,
Pickles,	Preserves,	Brandy Peaches,	
Cordials,	Syrups,	Sardines,	Soda, Nutmegs,
Scotch Ale,	London Porter,	Matches,	
Blacking,	Perfumery,	Soaps,	Playing Cards,
Baskets,	Musical Instruments,	Toys,	
Matches,	Porte Monnaies,	&c.,	&c., &c.

Also, a large variety of Notions, usually to be found in similar establishments. New arrivals of Choice Fruits, Nuts, &c., tri-weekly, from Baltimore and New York.

☞ Orders solicited, and promptly and faithfully executed. A. BUTTS, JR.,

(Successor to S. M. MARKS.)

march24-1y No. 52 Sycamore st., Petersburg, Va.

DOUBLE REFINED STEAM CANDIES.—My factory is now complete, and by far the largest establishment of the kind south of Philadelphia, which enables me to offer to the trade of

VIRGINIA,
NORTH CAROLINA,
and TENNESSEE.

An article of city made Steam Refined Crushed Sugar Candy. Warranted to stand in any climate. Much below the Northern price for an article of like standard.

LOUIS J. BOSSIEUX,
mrh31-6m No. 80 Main st., Richmond, Va.

J. F. JOLLEE, at Winbourne & Witty's old stand, is now receiving and opening his stock of SPRING AND SUMMER DRY GOODS,

CLOTHING,
BOOTS AND SHOES,
HATS AND CAPS,
GROCERIES, &c.,

which he will sell cheap for cash, or to punctual customers on a short credit. A call is solicited from both ladies and gentlemen before purchasing elsewhere. Thankful for past favors, he hopes to merit a continuance of the same.

apr21-tf J. F. JOLLEE.

1860.....SPRING TRADE.....1860

THE MERCHANTS OF VIRGINIA, North Carolina, and Tennessee, are earnestly requested to examine our stock of DRY GOODS for the coming season, consisting of a large assortment of

English and French Dress Goods for ladies,	
Irish Linens,	Worsted Coats,
Blay Linens,	Cloths,
White Cambries,	Farmer Drills,
Jaconets,	Punjups,
Swiss and Embroidered Muslins,	Cottonades,
	Vestings,
Brilliants,	Threads, Spool Cotton
Alpaccas,	Italian Cloths,
Plain DeLaines,	Farmers' Satins,
Ginghams, Prints,	Hosiery,
English and French Drap d'Etes,	
Linen, Cambric, Silk, Cotton and Gingham Handk'fs.	

All of our own importation, and selected in the European markets in person by our experienced and judicious agent, Mr. WILLIAM BELL, formerly in the Dry Goods Jobbing business in this place. Also, a large and attractive stock of AMERICAN FABRICS, all of which we will sell to the trade as low and upon as favorable terms as they can be bought in any market in this country.

FLEET & DREWRY
mrh31-6m No. 11 Pearl st., Richmond, Va.

ODE TO STRANGERS.

Among the houses in town, oh say if thou knowest
O'er which the gay standard of Fashion is unfurled,
Where the welcome is warm and the prices are lowest,
And the Clothes are the cheapest and best in the world
If not—fly at once! To S. ARCHER & Co.'s betake you,
They best can assist you to bear out your plan:
They either have got, or will speedily make you
The best suit of Clothes ever worn upon man?

WITHOUT REGARD TO COST! We commence this day to sell off our entire stock of fashionable and superior made clothing—such as

ALL KINDS OF PATTERNS OF
PANTS, COATS and VESTS; a superb stock of
PLAIN AND FANCY TIES,
SHIRTS, DRAWERS,
HATS, SHOES,
PISTOLS,
PERFUMERY,
WALKING CANES,

and a great many articles too numerous to mention. All those wanting to buy clothing cheaper than ever they were offered in this market, will do well to call on

S. ARCHER & CO.

☞ All those indebted to us will please come forward and pay up, for by doing so they will save cost and so take.

LAMPS, LAMPS, LAMPS, LAMPS—In consequence of gas having been lately introduced into our place, we have left on our hands a large assortment of Kerosine lamps, which we propose to sell for less than the original cost. We can furnish lamps suited to churches, academies, parlors or kitchens. Call at the Drug Store. may9 PORTER & GORRELL.

Medical.

"Now dangerous to the Human Family."
"Rats come out of their holes to die."

VERMIN—

"COSTAR'S" Rat, Roach, &c., Exterminator.
"COSTAR'S"
"COSTAR'S" Bedbug Exterminator.
"COSTAR'S"
"COSTAR'S" Electric Powder, for Insects, &c.

DESTROYS INSTANTLY

Rats—Roaches—Mice—Moths—Ground Mice—Red Bugs
Ants—Mosquitoes—Fleas—Insects on Plants, Fowls, Animals, &c., &c.—in short, every form and species of

VERMIN.

10 Years established in New York City—used by the City Post-Office—the City Prisons and Station Houses—the City Steamers, Sales, &c.—the City Hotels, "Astor," "St. Nicholas," &c.—and by more than 20,000 private families.

☞ Druggists and Retailers everywhere sell them.

Wholesale Agents in all the large Cities and Towns.

☞ BEWARE!!! of spurious imitations.

$1.00 Sample, if sent by Mail.

Address orders—or for "Circular to Dealers" to

HENRY R. COSTAR, Principal Depot,
512 Broadway, (opposite St. Nicholas Hotel,) N. Y.

Sold in Greensboro' at the Drug Store, by

may26-3m PORTER & GORRELL.

WHY DO YE SUFFER WITH Cancers, Asthma, scrofula, or any skin disease, when it is in your power to be speedily and effectually cured? Having treated many very bad cases—some of which were given up as hopeless by those not knowing my remedies—I have no hesitancy in saying I can cure any one of the above diseases in a very short time. Seeing is believing, and if any one is incredulous, I can produce a number of certificates from some of the first men in this and the adjoining States. Calls will be made, or medicine sent by mail.

He is also in possession of a plain and simple art, by which the worst cases of Stuttering and Stammering can be cured in a very short time. The afflicted would do well to write him and describe their case.

Address, WM. E. EDWARDS,
tf Greensboro, N. C.

DRUGS, &c.—PORTER & GORRELL are now receiving the largest stock of DRUGS, MEDICINES, CHEMICALS, PAINTS, OILS, &c., ever offered in this market. One of the firm has just returned from the Northern markets, where he has been for several weeks, selecting with extreme care every article pertaining to the business. We specially invite the attention of physicians to our unusually heavy stock and splendid assortment. We feel confident that we can fill their orders with such an excellent quality of Drugs and on such liberal terms as to give entire satisfaction. ma5

HENRICO PILE LOTION—The only known sure remedy for the piles. For sale at the Drug Store. may5 PORTER & GORRELL

Medical.

Bliss' Dyspeptic Remedy
Bliss' Dyspeptic Remedy
Bliss' Dyspeptic Remedy
Bliss' Dyspeptic Remedy
Bliss' Dyspeptic Remedy
Bliss' Dyspeptic Remedy
Bliss' Dyspeptic Remedy
Has the Largest Sale
Has the Largest Sale
Has the Largest Sale
Has the Largest Sale
Has the Largest Sale
Has the Largest Sale
Has the Largest Sale
Of any Medicine in the World.
Of any Medicine in the World.
Of any Medicine in the World.
Of any Medicine in the World.
Of any Medicine in the World.
Of any Medicine in the World.
Of any Medicine in the World.
Of any Medicine in the World.
100,000 Packages
100,000 Packages
100,000 Packages
100,000 Packages
100,000 Packages
100,000 Packages
100,000 Packages
100,000 Packages
Sold In Georgia and SouthCarolina
Sold In Georgia and SouthCarolina
Sold In Georgia and SouthCarolina
Sold In Georgia and SouthCarolina
Sold In Georgia and SouthCarolina
Sold In Georgia and SouthCarolina
Sold In Georgia and SouthCarolina
In Fourteen Months.
In Fourteen Months.
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In Fourteen Months.
It Is Warranted to Cure
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It Is Warranted to Cure
It Is Warranted to Cure
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If Directions are Followed,
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Any Case of Dyspepsia
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Liver Disease,
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Liver Disease,
Jaundice,
Jaundice,
Jaundice,
Jaundice,
Jaundice,
Jaundice,
Jaundice,
Jaundice,
General Debility,
General Debility,
General Debility,
General Debility,
General Debility,
General Debility,
General Debility,
General Debility
Palpitation,
Palpitation,
Palpitation,
Palpitation,
Palpitation,
Palpitation,
Palpitation
Chronic Diarrhœa,
Chronic Diarrhœa,
Chronic Diarrhœa,
Chronic Diarrhœa,
Chronic Diarrhœa,
Chronic Diarrhœa,
Chronic Diarrhœa.
Giddiness,
Giddiness,
Giddiness,
Giddiness,
Giddiness,
Giddiness,
Giddiness,
Giddiness,
Depressed Spirits,
Depressed Spirits,
Depressed Spirits,
Depressed Spirits,
Depressed Spirits,
Depressed Spirits,
Depressed Spirits,
Loss of Appetite,
Loss of Appetite,
Loss of Appetite,
Loss of Appetite,
Loss of Appetite,
Loss of Appetite,
Loss of Appetite,
Loss of Appetite,
Pain in Side and Back,
Pain in Side and Back,
Pain in Side and Back,
Pain in Side and Back,
Pain in Side and Back,
Pain in Side and Back,
Pain in Side and Back,
Pain in Side and Back,
It Is Especially Adapted to
It Is Especially Adapted to
It Is Especially Adapted to
It Is Especially Adapted to
It Is Especially Adapted to
It Is Especially Adapted to
It Is Especially Adapted to
It Is Especially Adapted to
Female Complaints;
Female Complaints;
Female Complaints;
Female Complaints;
Female Complaints;
Female Complaints;
Female Complaints;
Female Complaints;
It Produces Rotundity of Form
It Produces Rotundity of Form
It Produces Rotundity of Form
It Produces Rotundity of Form
It Produces Rotundity of Form
It Produces Rotundity of Form
It Produces Rotundity of Form
It Produces Rotundity of Form
In Females of a Thin and Spare Habit
In Females of a Thin and Spare Habit
In Females of a Thin and Spare Habit
In Females of a Thin and Spare Habit
In Females of a Thin and Spare Habit
In Females of a Thin and Spare Habit
In Females of a Thin and Spare Habit
In Females of a Thin and Spare Habit
Every Invalid Should
Every Invalid Should
Every Invalid Should
Every Invalid Should
Every Invalid Should
Every Invalid Should
Every Invalid Should
Every Invalid Should
Try One Package.
Try One Package.
Try One Package.
Try One Package.
Try One Package.
Try One Package.
Try One Package.
Try One Package.

Send a Postage Stamp to the Proprietors for their Pamphlet on "Diseases of Stomach and Bowels."

W. W. BLISS & CO., Proprietors,
363 Broadway, New York.

For Sale in Greensboro by

PORTER & GORRELL.

Medical.

SANCHEZ SPECIFIC.

THAT GREAT REMEDY,
THAT GREAT REMEDY,
THAT GREAT REMEDY,
THAT GREAT REMEDY,
THAT GREAT REMEDY,
THAT GREAT REMEDY,
SANCHEZ' SPECIFIC,
SANCHEZ' SPECIFIC,
SANCHEZ' SPECIFIC,
SANCHEZ' SPECIFIC,
SANCHEZ' SPECIFIC,
SANCHEZ' SPECIFIC,
THE ONLY POSITIVE CURE
THE ONLY POSITIVE CURE
THE ONLY POSITIVE CURE
THE ONLY POSITIVE CURE
THE ONLY POSITIVE CURE
THE ONLY POSITIVE CURE
BEFORE THE PEOPLE,
BEFORE THE PEOPLE,
BEFORE THE PEOPLE,
BEFORE THE PEOPLE,
BEFORE THE PEOPLE,
BEFORE THE PEOPLE,
FOR SPECIAL DISEASES,
FOR SPECIAL DISEASES,
FOR SPECIAL DISEASES,
FOR SPECIAL DISEASES,
FOR SPECIAL DISEASES,
FOR SPECIAL DISEASES,
SAVES A BIG DOCTOR'S BILL,
SAVES A BIG DOCTOR'S BILL,
SAVES A BIG DOCTOR'S BILL,
SAVES A BIG DOCTOR'S BILL,
SAVES A BIG DOCTOR'S BILL,
SAVES A BIG DOCTOR'S BILL,
IS EASILY TAKEN,
IS EASILY TAKEN,
IS EASILY TAKEN,
IS EASILY TAKEN,
IS EASILY TAKEN,
IS EASILY TAKEN,
HAS NO BAD TASTE,
HAS NO BAD TASTE,
HAS NO BAD TASTE,
HAS NO BAD TASTE,
HAS NO BAD TASTE,
HAS NO BAD TASTE,
WILL EFFECT A CURE
WILL EFFECT A CURE
WILL EFFECT A CURE
WILL EFFECT A CURE
WILL EFFECT A CURE
WILL EFFECT A CURE
WITHOUT LOSS OF TIME
WITHOUT LOSS OF TIME
WITHOUT LOSS OF TIME
WITHOUT LOSS OF TIME
WITHOUT LOSS OF TIME
WITHOUT LOSS OF TIME
OR CHANGE OF DIET,
OR CHANGE OF DIET,
OR CHANGE OF DIET,
OR CHANGE OF DIET,
OR CHANGE OF DIET,
OR CHANGE OF DIET,
WITH LESS TROUBLE,
WITH LESS TROUBLE,
WITH LESS TROUBLE,
WITH LESS TROUBLE,
WITH LESS TROUBLE,
WITH LESS TROUBLE,
MORE SPEEDILY,
MORE SPEEDILY,
MORE SPEEDILY,
MORE SPEEDILY,
MORE SPEEDILY,
MORE SPEEDILY,
AND PERMANENTLY,
AND PERMANENTLY,
AND PERMANENTLY,
AND PERMANENTLY,
AND PERMANENTLY
THAN ANY KNOWN REMEDY.
THAN ANY KNOWN REMEDY.
THAN ANY KNOWN REMEDY.
THAN ANY KNOWN REMEDY
THAN ANY KNOWN REMEDY.
TEST ONE PACKAGE.
TEST ONE PACKAGE.
TEST ONE PACKAGE.
TEST ONE PACKAGE.
TEST ONE PACKAGE.

Every Druggist and Country Merchant should keep a supply of this valuable Remedy, not only from the profits that accrue from its sales, but as an act of philanthropy towards suffering humanity. It will be made to the especial and pecuniary interest of all Druggists to purchase by W. W. BLISS & CO., Proprietors,
363 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

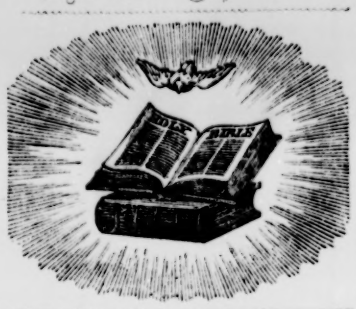
10,000 Negroes
10,000 Negroes
10,000 Negroes
Saved Yearly.
Saved Yearly.
Saved Yearly.
Planters Take Notice,
Planters Take Notice,
Planters Take Notice,
Jacob's Cordial
Jacob's Cordial
Jacob's Cordial
Is The Only Sure
Is The Only Sure
Is The Only Sure
And Positive Remedy
And Positive Remedy
And Positive Remedy
Before The People
Before The People
Before The People
In Dysentery,
In Dysentery,
In Dysentery,
Diarrhœa,
Diarrhœa,
Diarrhœa,
And Flux.
And Flux.
And Flux.
It Never Fails.
It Never Fails.
It Never Fails.

W. W. BLISS & CO., Proprietors,
363 Broadway, New York.

For Sale in Greensboro by

PORTER & GORRELL.

Children's Department.



EDITED BY WILLIAM R. HUNTER.
"THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND."

THE EMPTY PURSE.

There was a lady who had three children,—a boy and two girls. She was a kind mother and loved to please her children; but she took great care how she did it, for she would have been sorry to spoil them, and indeed she wished to make their very pleasures serve to improve them. On New Year's morning, after many good wishes for one another had been spoken, she made each of them a present of a very pretty purse, and told them that she would allow them pocket-money, and that it would be paid them weekly; she also told them that they might spend it just as they pleased, only they must keep a strict account of what they did with it, and give it to her on next New Year's day, when it would be read aloud.

That week's allowance, and a small sum besides, were already in the purses, and the children all thought that day they were quite rich.

I must tell you the names of these children: they were Frank, Ellen and Jane. Frank was at home for the holidays, and, having more time than he knew how to employ, he thought he could not do better than go out and spend some of his money. He looked first in one shop and then in another and at last went home with a good many useless things and an empty purse.

Ellen kept her's till she had a real use for it. Jane went out, and with part of her money bought a small treat for herself and her brother and sister, because, she said, it was New Year's day and her mother was going out, and she thought they ought to have some little pleasure at home in the evening.

Frank wished many times he could get his money back again. He would not have cared so much, but there was to be a collection the next Sunday for the Sunday schools. His mother would not allow him to borrow, but said he must abide by the result of what he had done. So he skulked out after his sisters who, though they were both younger than himself, put something into the plate. He felt vexed and ashamed: he *ought* to have been sorry, but he was too angry for that.

The next payment rested in his purse for three days, and then he spent it saying he should soon have more. He went on in this way, *intending* to alter, but still doing the same till one day his mother took them all with her to visit a poor family who was without food. His sisters were able to give them some money and as Frank, with all his faults, was not an unfeeling boy, he wished he could do so too. He put his hand into his pocket, but his empty purse seemed to mock his fingers, and he went home very sad. He could not forget what he had seen. The poor sick father was lying on some straw in a corner of the room, the children were crying for bread, and the poor mother looked pale and thin. It was a lesson to Frank, and he now felt really sorry he had been so thoughtless. He took them money as soon as he had any; but, as his kind mother and sisters had already met their more pressing wants, it was not the same as if he had given it before. Still, the pleasure it gave him made him resolve both to take care of his money and to make a right use of it.—He kept to his word so well that in all his after-life he never knew what it was to have an empty purse.

But perhaps you lay your money out for useful things, but they may, be all for yourselves. Will you then spend all your money upon yourselves? Have you nothing for the missionary-box?—nothing for the Sunday-school?—nothing for the poor widow and her fatherless child? Oh, did you but once know the pleasure of giving, you would never leave yourselves without the means of doing so for any foolish self-indulgence.

There is one thing you must not forget:—that we must give an account to God of all the things we do. From him we receive our mercies, and our means of doing good, and to him we shall have to answer for them all.

GIVING.

The sun gives ever; so the earth—
What it can give, so much 'tis worth;
The ocean gives in many ways—
Gives paths, gives fishes, rivers, bays:
So, too, the air, it gives us breath—
When it stops giving, comes in death.
Give, give, be always giving;
Who gives not, is not living.
The more you give,
The more you live.

God's love hath in us wealth upheap'd;
Only by giving is it reap'd.
The body withers, and the mind,
If pent in by a selfish rind·
Give strength give thought, deed, give pelf
Give love, give tears, and give thyself.
Give, give, be always giving,
Who gives not, is not living.
The more we give,
The more we live.

Useful Information.

An immense store of rich knowledge is afloat in the world, scattered in paragraphs and odd corners of nearly every monthly, weekly and daily periodical; and which, if collected together, culled and properly arranged, would form a column of useful information invaluable to the man of science, the professional artist, the mechanic, and the farmer.

YOUNG ORCHARDS.

Young trees require the same sort of care as other young crops. They must have good soil, thoroughly drained, if not naturally dry, and must be kept constantly cultivated and sufficiently manured. Our "constant readers" all know what is required to make a crop of ten barrels of corn to the acre. In the first place the quality of soil must be pretty good, and it must be very well manured. An orchard to be made profitable must have the same. The ground for such a crop of corn must of course be free from excess of water, so must an orchard be. It must be well ploughed and prepared for corn, so must it be for an orchard. It must be kept stirred and thoroughly clear of grass during its early growth, so must the orchard—bearing in mind that the early growth of an orchard continues through several years.

The proper treatment of an orchard after planting consists, rather in cleanly cultivation and judicious pruning than in a high degree of fertility by extravagant manuring. Peach orchards must be cultivated continually so long as they are expected to bear a crop. For three or four years, hoed crops of almost any sort may be planted between the rows; always adding manure enough to maintain the fertility of the soil at its original capability of ten barrels of corn. After this time no crop should be planted, but the annual cultivation must be just as strictly adhered to. Apples should be treated in the same way during the first years of growth but will bear crops of grain and grass afterwards, much better than the peach. It is quite doubtful, however, whether anything is gained by dividing the fertility and capacity of the soil between fruit and other crops. To have young fruit trees, of any sort, surrounded by a strong turf during the first years of their growth is too preposterous to be allowed for a moment. We advise those who, through mistaken notions, have young trees so situated now, and cannot have the turf broken this season, to surround each tree with straw or other litter to the distance of six feet, thick enough to destroy the grass.

As to what sort of manure is best for an orchard, we say again just the sort of manure that will make it bring ten barrels of corn to the acre. This will not be esteemed so scientific an answer as our correspondent probably expected. And if we wished to appear wise rather than do him a service, we should suggest certain specifics, peculiarly adapted, according to chemical analysis, to the growth of apples or peaches, &c. Such recommendations, however, are made either in ignorance of the present state of chemical sciences, or in a disposition to take advantage of the ignorance of others. Good stable and barn-yard manure are always in order, and lime and wood ashes and ground bones, and the guanoes and super phosphates are all good, yet not under all circumstances. Yet our correspondent may rest assured that such of them as will make his land good for corn will make it good for apple trees.

THE TOMATO AS FOOD.

Dr. Bennett, a professor of some celebrity, considers the tomato an invaluable article of diet and ascribes to it various important medical properties. First: That the tomato is one of the most powerful aperients of the liver and other organs; where calomel is indicated, is probably one of the most effective and least harmful agents known to the profession. Second: That a chemical extract will be obtained from it that will supercede the use of calomel in the cure of disease. Third: That he has successfully treated diarrhea with this article alone. Fourth: That when used as an article of diet it is an almost sovereign remedy for dyspepsia and indigestion. Fifth: That it should be constantly used for daily food, either cooked or raw, or in the form of catsup; it is the most healthy article now in use.

DESTRUCTION OF VINES BY BUGS.

For the benefit of those who like myself have at times heretofore been deprived of melons, canteloupes, squashes, &c., by the destruction of the vines by bugs or flies, I would make known a mode of prevention of such loss, practised successfully last season. It is simply this: to place around the young vines sticks of wood, the upper part well covered with *gas-tar*—the oder of the gas-tar causes the bugs *to leave*. The same method may be tried with tomato vines, to keep away the worm. The practice, originated in France, and is simple enough for all to try.

SUGAR IN DIARRHEA.

Doctors Behrend and Lieber recommend the medicinal use of sugar as of great value in diarrhea—one in a child aged three years and another in a child aged four years—in which half an ounce of powdered white sugar given every hour, soon gave a favorable turn to symptoms of extreme gravity, which had long resisted all the ordinary means of cure.

Linseed meal, mixed with scaled corn meal, shorts, or sour milk, is readily eaten by hens, and is found to be a good substitute for animal food and insects.

PINE APPLE JAM.

Grate the fruit, put it with an equal quantity of sugar (some use only three quarters of the quantity of sugar) and boil ten minutes.

Salad for the Solitary.

Wit is brush-wood, Judgment timber: the one gives the greatest flame, the other yields the durablest Heat; and both meeting make the best Fire. SIR THOMAS OVERBURY.

DUTIES.

Every man ought to pay his debts—if he can. Every man ought to help his neighbor—if he can. Every man and woman should do his work to suit his customers—if he can. Every man should please his wife—if he can. Every wife should sometimes hold her tongue—if she can. Every lawyer should sometimes tell the truth—if he can. Every man should mind his own business—if he can, and every woman too. Every one should take THE TIMES, and pay for it—any how.

NO COMPLIMENTS IN PRAYER.

We have heard some prayers which were designed to affect the hearer rather than to reach heaven. The following characteristic anecdote of John Randolph is a keen rebuke of the practice:

In one of his spells of repentance and sickness, he was visited by a minister, who, at his request, prayed for and with him. The minister began on this wise:

"Lord, our friend is sick. Thou knowest how generous he was to the poor, and what eminent services he has rendered to his country and how he is among the honored and great men of the earth—"

"Stop, stop," said the impatient Randolph, "no more of such stuff, else the Lord will damn us both."

BAD CHARACTER.

The importance of preserving a good reputation for truth and honesty, is quite strikingly set forth in the following:

A mortal fever prevailed on board a ship at sea, and a negro man was appointed to throw the bodies of those who died from time to time overboard. One day, when the Captain was on deck, he saw the negro dragging out of the forecastle a sick man, who was violently struggling to extricate himself from the negro's grasp, and remonstrating very bitterly against the cruelty of being buried alive.

"What are you going to do with that man, you black rascal?" said the captain.

"Going to throw him overboard, massa, 'cause he dead."

"Dead! you scoundrel!" said the Captain, "don't you see he moves and speaks?"

"Yes, massa, I know he says he not dead, but he always lie so nobody ever *know* when to believe him."

A WITTY MOTHER.

In one of the courts at Hartford, Conn., recently, a woman was testifying in behalf of her son, and swore "that he worked on a farm ever since he was born." The lawyer, who cross examined her, said, "You assert that your son has worked on a farm ever since he was born?" "I do." "What did he do the first year?" "He milked," she replied. The whole court laughed heartily, and the witness was questioned no further.

A gentleman named Dunlop, being present at a party where one of the company had made several puns on the names of the persons present, remarked that he had never heard his name punned upon, and didn't believe it could be done. "There is nothing in the world more easy sir," replied the punster. "Just *lop* off half the name, and it is *dun!*"

How came such a greasy mess in the oven; said a fidgety spinster to her maid-of-all work. "Why," replied the girl, "the candles fell into the water, and I put them into the oven to dry."

One of the persons engaged in taking the census of Boston, under the U. S. Marshal spells reluctance—*reluctiaks;* and when he wishes to write the words "good deal," he does it thus—"*goodele.*"

The following whimsical epitaph appears upon a white marble slab in a church-yard in England:

"Near this place are deposited the remains of Peter Cedge, printer, who established the first newspaper, that has ever been published in this town. Like a worn out type he has returned to the founder in the hope of being recast in a better and more perfect mould."

A letter addressed to a gentleman down East, was directed as follows:

Wood
John
Massachusetts.

Required—the gentleman's name and place of residence.

Answer.—John Underwood, Andovey, Massachusetts.

The other day a lady fell into the river, and a poor boy rescued her. When she was safe, her husband handed the brave fellow a shilling. Upon some of the by standers expressing indignation the boy said, as he pocketed the coin:

"Well don't blame the gentleman, he knows best; mayhap if I *hadn't* saved her, he'd have given me a sovereign.'

"Did the guard present arms to you, Mrs. Partington?" asked a commissary, as he met her at the entrance of a marquee. "You mean the contrary?" said she smiling. I have heard so much about the tainted field, that I believe I could deplore an attachment into line myself, and secure them as well as an officer. You ask me if the guard presented arms. He didn't but a sweet little man, with an epilepsy on his shoulder and a smile on his face, did, and asked me if I wouldn't go into a tent and smile, I told him that we could both smile as well outside, when he politely touched his chateau and left me."

Professional Cards.

J. W. HOWLETT, D. D. S. ..... J. F. HOWLETT.

J. W. HOWLETT & SON, DENTISTS, Greensboro, N. C. 1-1y

JOHN W. PAYNE, ATTORNEY AT LAW, having permanently located in Greensboro, will attend the courts of Guilford, Randolph and Davidson; and promptly attend to the collection of all claims placed in his hands. 6-1y

GEORGE W. COTHRAN, ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW, Lockport, Niagara county, N. Y. 105-tf

JACOB T. BROWN, ATTORNEY AT LAW, High Point, N. C., will attend to any business entrusted to his care. 111-1y

LAFI M. SCOTT. ..... WILLIAM L. SCOTT.

SCOTT & SCOTT, ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELLORS AT LAW, Greensborough, N. C., will attend the courts of Guilford, Alamance, Randolph, Davidson, Forsythe, Orange and Rockingham. All claims entrusted to them for collection will receive prompt attention. Office on North Elm street, fourth door from Lindsay's corner. jan. 21-1y

Periodicals.

THE SOUTHERN LITERARY MESSENGER, is one of the cheapest publications in the country. Two volumes a year are published, each volume containing at least 480 pages, in neat style, with fine cover and advertising sheet. The two volumes will be furnished for only $3 for the year 1860. Clubs remitting us $15 in one letter, will be entitled to six copies.

THE MESSENGER will, as heretofore, present its readers with reviews, historical and biographical sketches, novelettes, travels, essays, poems, critiques, and papers on the army, navy, and other national subjects. The editorial and critical department will continue under the charge of Jno. E. Thompson, Esq. The business department is conducted by the undersigned, to whom all communications of a business nature must be addressed.

MACFARLANE, FERGUSSON & CO.,
jan7-tf or, Bank and 12th Sts., Richmond, Va.

THE N. C. JOURNAL OF EDUCATION.—The third volume of this journal commenced with the year 1860. It will be published monthly, at

ONLY ONE DOLLAR PER YEAR!

and each number will contain thirty-two pages of reading matter.

THE JOURNAL is neatly printed on good book paper, with some improvements, and efforts will be made to improve it in every respect, in proportion to the encouragement received from those to whom it looks for support.

It is the property and organ of the State Educational Association, and is under its control; and it is the aim and wish of the committee to whom the management of it is intrusted, to make it a valuable auxiliary in the cause of education.

THE JOURNAL is also designed to be a medium of communication between the General Superintendent of Common Schools and the school officers and teachers of the State. And, since the county boards of superintendents are beginning to act under the law allowing them to "subscribe for a copy of THE JOURNAL for each school district to their respective counties," more attention will be given to the special interests and wants of Common Schools.—Teachers and other friends of education are earnestly requested to act as agents, and also to contribute articles suitable for its pages.

TERMS: One Dollar per annum, invariably in advance anyone sending ten new subscribers, will be entitled to one copy extra. All subscriptions to begin with the January No., so long as the back numbers can be supplied.

THE JOURNAL and THE TIMES, one year, for $2 50.

The First Volume of THE JOURNAL will be sent, free of postage, for $2, and the Second for $1.

The Second Volume will be furnished neatly bound, when orders indicate a sufficient demand to justify it, at $1 50; and when ordered by the "Board," for all the schools of a county, at $1 10. Address, J. D. CAMPBELL.
tf Greensborough, N. C.

Advertisements inserted at the same rates as heretofore.

FOR THE YEAR 1860.—
THE TIMES.
THE TIMES.
THE TIMES.
THE TIMES.
THE FAMILY PAPER OF THE SOUTH
THE FAMILY PAPER OF THE SOUTH.
SUBSCRIBE EARLY.
SUBSCRIBE EARLY.
SUBSCRIBE EARLY.

THE TIMES is contributed to regularly by the best writers in the South. Special attention is called to the Historical Department, in which is given Sketches,

With Illustrations,

of the most interesting Revolutionary events of the lives of our most distinguished patriots and statesmen and the most prominent and noted places of the country. The publishers are determined to spare neither pains nor expense to make THE TIMES the largest, the cheapest, and the

Best Family Paper

for the South. In it will also be given, weekly, all the news of the day; the market reports; a column for the Farm and the Workshop; a column for the Dairy and Garden; a Children's Department, (edited by Wm. R. Hunter, the "Children's Friend;") and a column of Wit, that will make one "laugh and grow fat." Let the families of the South encourage this Southern Family Paper.

TERMS: Single subscription $2 a year; six copies for $10; ten copies for $15. No paper sent unless paid for in advance. Address, COLE & ALBRIGHT,
Greensboro, N. C.

Educational.

GRAND VIEW FEMALE SEMINARY, Alamance county, N. C., Mrs. NANNIE M. MORTON, Principal, with competent Assistants. This institution is located in a healthy and intelligent region of country, seven miles north of Gibsonville Station, on the North Carolina Railroad.

TERMS PER SESSION OF FIVE MONTHS:

Lower English Branches	$7 00
Higher English Branches	10 00
Music on Piano	15 00
Use of Instrument	1 00
French	5 00
Oil Painting	10 00
Wax, Leather Work, and Embroidery, each	5 00
Board, per session	70 00

The fall session of this Institution will commence on the 15th of July, 1860. Letters should be addressed to JACOB MORTON,
may5-tf Morton's Store, Alamance co., N. C.

WATSONVILLE FEMALE SEMINARY.—The fall session of this school will commence on the First Monday in July, 1860, and continue for five months. We have in our employ a full corps of teachers, and no pains will be spared to promote the advancement of young ladies who may patronize us.
dec24-tf E. F. WATSON.
*** Greensboro Patriot, Hillsboro Recorder, and Christian Sun, please copy.

TRINITY COLLEGE.—The next term will commence August 15th. We have good boarding accommodations for about two hundred students.

EXPENSES:

Tuition,	$50 00 per annum.
Tuition in Prep.,	$20 00 to $30 00 per annum.
Board, including rooms, fuel, washing, &c.,	$8 00 to $10 00 per month.

jely7-4w B. CRAVEN.

WEST GREEN NURSERIES AND GARDENS, near Greensboro.—Gentlemen and Ladies wishing to visit the above establishment, will find hacks, carriages, &c., at Greensboro on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, and other days if necessary. For tickets apply to PORTER & GORRELL at the Drug Store.
may3-3m WESTBROOK & MENDENHALL.

L. DRUCKER. J. HEILBRUN. D. A. WOLFF.

NEW CASH STORE.—The old and well-known establishment of DRUCKER & HEILBRUN in Charlotte, have opened a branch of their establishment in Greensboro, under the name and style of HEILBRUN, DRUCKER & CO., and have opened an entirely new stock of goods, consisting of

FANCY AND STAPLE DRY GOODS, CLOTHING, HATS, SHOES, BOOTS, HARDWARE, GROCERIES, &c., &c.;

all of which we will sell at greatly less prices than they have been sold for heretofore, and we therefore invite the attention of all those wishing to purchase to our stock of goods. We have taken a part of the house occupied by the widow Adams, between McAdoo's corner and Caldwell's corner, where all are solicited to give us a call.
may19-3m DRUCKER, HEILBRUN & CO.

NOTICE.—All persons indebted to the firm of COLE & AMIS must come forward and settle, as the books must be closed. feb11-tf.

AT COST FOR CASH.—The subscriber having bought the entire interest of J. A AMIS in the firm of COLE & AMIS, now offers his entire stock of DRY GOODS at cost for cash.
feb11-tf B. L. COLE

Business Cards.

W. GRAYDON ..... J. GRAYDON ..... C. H. SELLEW ..... W. A. SCOTT.

A. PERRY SPERRY, of North Carolina, with WM. GRAYDON & CO., importers and jobbers of Dry Goods, 46 Park Place, and 41 Barclay st., New York. 2-1y

CO-PARTNERSHIP.—M. KELLOGG of Milton, and W. M. YOUNG of Guilford, have this day formed a co-partnership for manufacturing Monuments and Tombstones of every description, which will be delivered at all places in Southern Virginia and North Carolina, at the lowest prices. All orders sent to Milton or Greensboro will be promptly attended to.
may12-3m KELLOGG & YOUNG.

C. POLVOGT, Upholster and Paper Hanger, Corner FRONT and PRINCESS Streets, WILMINGTON, N. C.

Keeps constantly on hand
MATTRESSES, LOUNGES,
CUSHIONS, FEATHERS,
CURLED HAIR, MOSS, and
ALL UPHOLSTERY MATERIALS.
Also, Paper Hangings, Window Shades, Fire Screens and Decorations of every description.
PICTURES FRAMED TO ORDER.
Prompt attention given to fitting up Rail Road Cars, Steamboats and Private Dwellings. July 21—tf.

JOHN DICKENSON, ... ISAAC N. COLE, of Petersburg, of Halifax.

DICKENSON & COLE, RICHMOND, Va., Commission and Forwarding Merchants, Shockoe Slip, second door from Cary street, solicit consignments of tobacco, wheat, corn and other produce. Special attention paid to forwarding manufactured tobacco and goods.

FINLEY JOHNSON, being well known as a Writer, would offer his services to all those requiring literary aid. He will write orations, addresses, essays, presentation speeches and replies, albums, obituaries, and in fact attend to every species of correspondence. The utmost secrecy maintained. Post-office address, Baltimore, M. D. 105-tf

GEO. H. KELLY, BOOKSELLER, No. 27 Market street, Wilmington, N. C., keeps constantly on hand every variety of school books, miscellaneous books, blank books, drawing books, music books, foolscap and letter papers, ladies' note and billet paper, artist materials of all kinds, letter presses, letter copying books, inks, pencils, envelopes, law books, doctor books, drawing papers, lithographs for crayon and oil painting, Wm. Knabe & Co.'s celebrated piano fortes, Grover & Baker sewing machines, and Conner sewing machines. All orders for any of the above articles promptly filled and forwarded by mail, railroad, or otherwise. july30-1y.

J. J. CHAPLIN, BOOK-BINDER, at the old "Star" office, opposite the Presbyterian Church, Raleigh, N. C., respectfully informs the citizens of Greensboro and vicinity, that he will promptly attend to the binding of newspapers magazines, and periodicals of all kinds, and in any style, plain and ornamental, on moderate terms. jan1-tf

JOHN A. PRITCHETT, CABINET-MAKER, and dealer in Furniture, near the N. C. Railroad depot, Greensboro, keeps constantly on hand or will make to order all kinds of cabinet-furniture, such as dressing-bureaus, wardrobes, washstands, cottage-bedsteads, coffins, &c. Persons wishing anything in his line should call and examine his work, as he is confident from his past experience it cannot be excelled. Work delivered on board the cars free of charge. 127-1y

JAMES M. EDNEY, GENERAL Purchasing and Commission Merchant, and dealer in pianos, melodeons, pumps, safes, sewing machines, &c., No. 147 Chambers street, New York. Commission for buying and forwarding, two and a half per cent. Also, sole proprietor of the American Pump, raising water in all depths under 15 feet, by hand. Also, publisher of "Cherokee Physician," "Chronology of N. Carolina," "Southern Bishops," "Hickory Nut Folks," &c. *By permission* to McPheeters & Glaseolin, John B. Odom, Vice Hon. John Baxter, Rev. W. G. Brownlow, Tenn.; Hon. T. L. Jones, Newport, Ky.; Brown & McMillan, Washington; W. & D. Richardson, Galveston, Texas; D. R. McAnally, D.D., St. Louis; Rev. G. C. Gillespie, New Orleans; J. W. Storey, Charleston, S. C.; Hon. W. A. Graham, Hon. J. W. Ellis, Hon. D. L. Swain, Charles F. Deems, D.D., North Carolina; Myatt & Toler, Ala. tf

J. W. WIGGINS, AGENT, (late of Raleigh, N. C.,) General Commission and Produce Merchant, 137 Sycamore street, Petersburg, Va. He will fill orders of every kind promptly. jan 14-1y

OTTO HUBER, JEWELLER AND WATCHMAKER, West-market street, Greensboro, keeps constantly on hand a splendid stock of fine and fashionable jewelry of every description, among which may be found several magnificent sets of coral jewelry. He has also a stock of fine gold and silver watches. All repairing done in the best manner, and warranted. All persons wishing to purchase jewelry will do well to call on him before purchasing elsewhere, as he is confident he can sell as good bargains as can be bought in this market. aug1-tf

R. G. STAPLES, CARD-WRITER, Portsmouth, Va., solicits orders. Cards containing two lines or less written and forwarded, prepaid for $1 50 per pack; cards of more than two lines $2 00 per pack, pre-paid to the address of those ordering. tf

ROWLAND & BROTHERS, COMMISSION MERCHANTS, Norfolk, Va., are prepared to receive and dispose of advantageously any quantity of flour from Orange, Alamance, Guilford and neighboring counties. Many years experience together with every facility and ability, enables us to guarantee satisfaction and promptness in all sales. We have sold for and refer to among others: P. C. Cameron, W. J. Bingham, Orange; Hon. T. Ruffin, J. Newlin & Sons, Alamance; J. H. Haughton, Chatham; White & Cameron, C. Phifer & Co., Concord; C. F. Fisher, Salisbury; E. G. Reade, Person; W. J. Holmes, Rowan. Authorized agents for THE TIMES, to receive subscriptions, etc. 6-1y

R. L. DICKINSON, (successor to Binford, Dickinson & Weisiger,) manufacturers of all kinds of Silk and Fur Hats, and wholesale dealer in Hats, Caps, Ladies' and Children's Furs, No. 78 Main st., Richmond, Va. mrh31-1y

RICHARDSON & CO., deal exclusively in, and keep for sale in quantities to suit purchasers, at their ware-rooms, No. 95 Main st., Richmond, Va., all kinds of Carpetings, Mattings, Floor Oil Cloths, Rugs, Mats, Curtain Goods, Window Shades, Table Oil Cloths, Piano and Table Covers, &c. They will have made to order Carpets, Oil Cloths, Window Curtains and Shades. mrh 31-6m.p

WM. PERCIVAL, ARCHITECT, Fayetteville street, Raleigh, will supply designs, working drawings, specifications and superintendence for churches, public and private buildings, etc. He respectfully refers to those by whom he has been engaged in this State: New Baptist Church committee, Raleigh, University building committee, Chapel Hill; new Court-house committee, Yanceyville, Caswell county; R. S. Tucker, W. M. Boylan, W. C. Harrison, Raleigh; W. S. Battle, Esq., Rocky Mount, Edgecombe county, and others. All letters on business, addressed box 105, Raleigh, N. C., promptly attended to. tf

WILLIAM C. DONNEL, PHOTOGRAPHIST, Garrett's new building, is taking pictures at fifty cents and upwards. Having just received a large and well assorted variety of cases, he respectfully invites the public generally to call and examine specimens and give him a trial, and if he does not please, he makes no charge. 38-1y

J. P. WADSWORTH. D. B. TURNER. G. S. PALMER.

WADSWORTH, TURNER & CO., No. 18 Fourteenth st., Richmond, Va., wholesale dealers in foreign and domestic Dry Goods, and agents for the N. C. Rock Island Co., offer a very extensive stock of rich Fancy and Staple spring and summer Goods, which they will sell on as favorable terms as they can be purchased in any market in the United States. mr31-6mp

Miscellaneous.

NEW STOCK OF HATS, CAPS, STRAW GOODS, UMBRELLAS, &c.—I desire to invite the attention of country merchants and purchasers generally to my new stock of Hats, Caps, Straw Goods, Umbrellas, Canes, &c., which is now very full and complete, comprising a great variety of styles and qualities suited to the spring and summer trade. The stock has been selected with great care from the most approved manufacturers, and is well adapted to the wants of this section of country, and will be offered at prices that cannot fail to please. JAMES E. WOLFF,
mrch24-1y No. 17 Sycamore st., Petersburg, Va.

BACON.—5,000 pounds good country cured Bacon, for sale by
jy7-tf DRUCKER, HEILBRUN & CO.